WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH GERMANY?—A PANEL DISCUSSION

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THE
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

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"IS GERMANY INCURABLE?"
by Richard M. Brickner, M.D.

A PANEL DISCUSSION BY
Gregory Zilboorg, Sigrid Unset
Bertrand Russell, Erich Fromm
Horace M. Kallen, Frank Kingdon

COPERNICUS AFTER 400 YEARS
by Felix E. Hirsch

"AFRICA"
by Albert Q. Maisel
Reviewed by Raoul Aglion

"CIRCUIT OF CONQUEST"
by Relman Morin
Reviewed by Hugh Byas

"LEE'S LIEUTENANTS," Vol. II
by Douglas Southall Freeman
Reviewed by Bernard DeVoto

"THOMAS WOLFE'S LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER"
Edited with an introduction by George Skally Terry
Reviewed by Thomas Sugrue

—Courtesy, Kosciuszko Foundation

NICHOLAS COPERNICUS, from the painting by Arthur Szyk, done as part of the exercises commemorating the four-hundredth anniversary of the death of the man who made the sun stand still. (See page 11)

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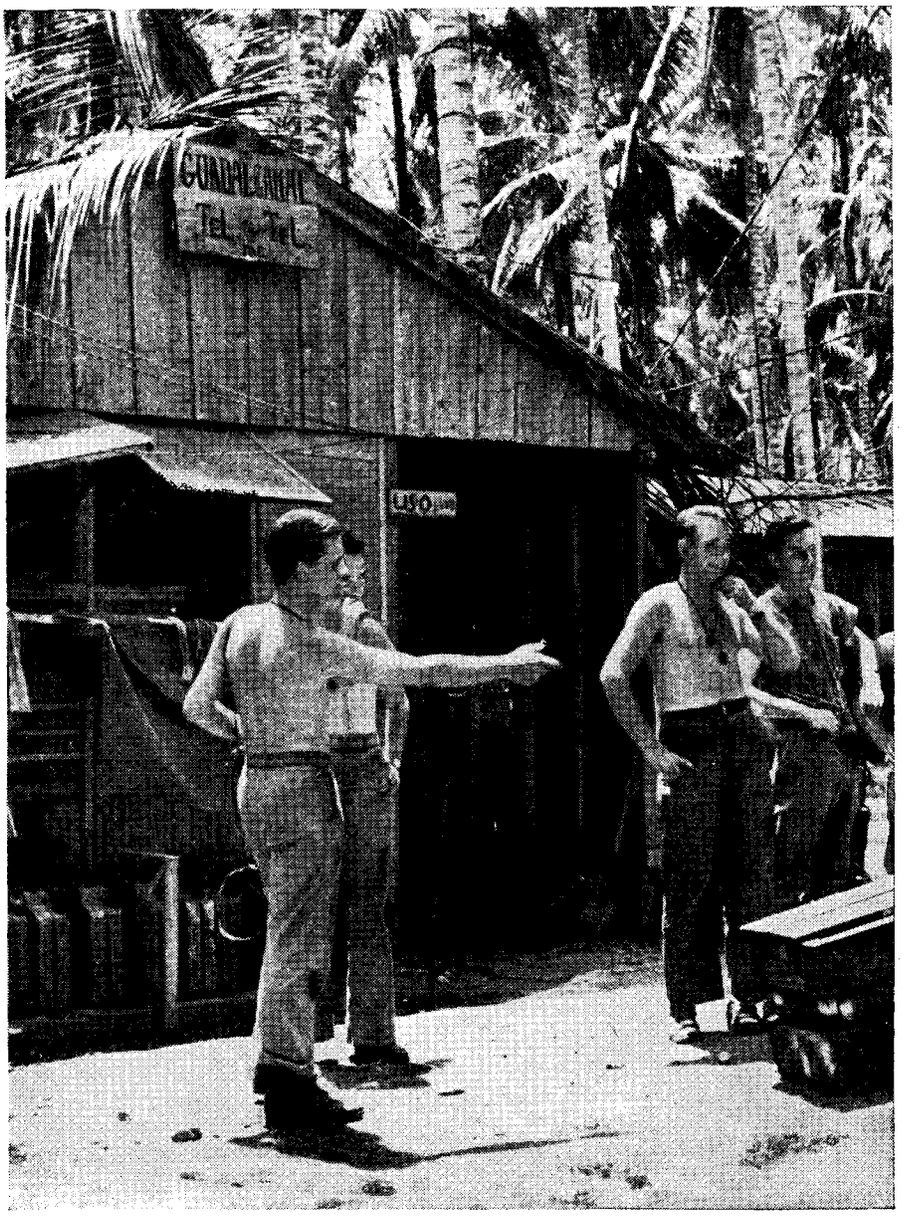

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The Saturday Review of Literature

What Shall We Do With Germany?

A Panel Discussion of "Is Germany Incurable?"

ONE of the most discussed and controversial of recent books is Dr. Richard M. Brickner's "Is Germany Incurable?" The book falls into three sections. The first is a study, illustrated by instances drawn from Dr. Brickner's own practice, of the paranoic individual and of the nature of paranoia as modern psychiatry conceives of it. The second is an analysis of Germany in the light of the foregoing discussion, as a nation whose traits conform with those observable in the paranoic individual, and whose course of action has followed in the past and can be predicated for the future on the behavior pattern characteristic of the disease. The third and concluding section is an attempt to find a way out for the world by presenting a plan for the re-education of Germany through what is known in psychiatry as the "clear area"—that part of the patient's mind to which an appeal to reason is still possible.

The inference gained by the reader is that, for the most part, Germany, as a paranoic, may be considered to be incurable. On the other hand, Dr. Brickner seems to indicate that Germany, under favorable circumstances, may be restored to a fairly rational outlook and may be safeguarded against herself.

Dr. Brickner points out that all people and all nations are or have been subject to paranoic streaks under certain circumstances. In Germany's case, however, the frequency of the disease, together with its intensity, seems to have made it a dominant trait. It is to the means of turning Germany back again into a reasonable member of the family of nations that Dr. Brickner devotes the last part of his book.

The interest in the book, together with the pertinency of the subject itself, has prompted the editors to invite several prominent writers and psychiatrists to join in a symposium following a review of the book by Dr. Horace M. Kallen, of the New School for Social Research.

IS GERMANY INCURABLE? By Richard M. Brickner, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1943. 319 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by H. M. KALLEN

THE apostolic carriers of *Deutschtum* have laid upon the German peoples the burden of two great aggressive wars against mankind, and now upon free mankind the burden of first beating them into unconditional surrender, and then reshaping the world they shattered into an order of which Germandom will still be a very considerable part. The convalescence of the bled and broken old world into a healthy new one will be determined largely by how its medicine-men interpret the German national character. For their conception of that will guide what is done with the rest as well as it, in order to keep it from ever again laying its healing hands upon the other families of mankind.

To the interpretations currently under discussion Dr. Brickner adds another, based on his professional insights and techniques and reënforced by observations drawn from anthropology. One school of interpreters attributes the German national character to an abandonment of the supernaturalist Christianism of the Roman Catholic establishment; it sees in the imperialist and militant racism of the National Socialist *Deutschtum* warring upon mankind the climax of the heretical rebellion of Luther against the God-ordained authority of the papacy—that unpardonable sin whence have arisen the corruptions of scientific naturalism in philosophy, morals, and manners. To this school, the healing and health of the world can come only with the restoration of their legitimist supernaturalism to its pre-Reformation authority and privilege. Another sect of interpreters finds the causes of German character in its Prussia-imposed militarism. They think that, if Germany were to be disarmed and the unified Reich separated again into the multitude of sovereign states, the recovery of the world from its German salvation and its insurance against a relapse would be safe and sure. A third sect of interpreters sees *Deutschtum* as the creation of economic pressure, the consequence of finance capitalism. They think that the reshaping of Germany in a socialist or communist political economy would dispel every motive Germany ever had to heal mankind.

Now these interpretations of German national character, with their variants, satisfying as they may be to their proponents, have carried little or no conviction to the uninitiate who are invited to accept them. Especially since Hitler took power the pretensions and practices of the apostles of *Deutschtum* have contained something outside the scope of commonsense and common decency, something so utterly beyond belief that for many it could be only the invention of malicious propagandists. Those who acknowledge its reality, on the other hand, find the usual categories of interpretation—religious, economic, political—inadequate to account for this incredible component. The general acclaim with which Dr. Brickner's "Is Germany Incurable?" has been received is due to the fact that for non-Germans it does propose an adequate yet reasonable explanation of the "German Enigma." It constructs in 157 pages of smooth and persuasive exposition a mental pattern into which the parts of the German puzzle are—in the 136 pages following—made to fit naturally and without strain. To many German liberals and democrats in exile Dr. Brickner's conception—no doubt he has a word for their sentiment—is a fantasy not worth a realist's attention.

The conception can be summed in one word—paranoia, to date an incurable disease of the mind.

Dr. Brickner, assistant professor of clinical neurology of the College of

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Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, believes the German people to be suffering from mass insanity. He diagnoses *Deutschtum* as a syndrome of symptoms characteristic of collective paranoia and interprets German *Kultur* as a paranoid culture resembling those of the Kwakiutl, the Dobuans, the Mandugumor together. The Kwakiutl is identified by "unabashed megalomania," the Dobuan by "suspicion . . . to paranoid lengths," the Mandugumor by a "highly aggressive and centripetal" dominant male, parasitical upon a peaceable, law-abiding, servile one. Look at German society at any time during the last five generations and you find it a soil to grow paranoics upon. All of its institutions nourish the paranoic syndrome —the megalomania, whose outstanding oracles are Fichte, Wagner, Nietzsche, Treitschke, Chamberlain, and Spengler; the need to dominate, expressed by Pan-Germanism with its bloodlust; "the persecution complex and projection," which regularly whines and blusters, charging the neighbor with a use of force or fraud or both which the accuser himself has made or intends to make—evidenced in the preparations for war and protestations of peace; the charge that the English were about to invade Norway, the complaints of "encirclement" and demands for *Lebensraum;* the "retrospective falsification" of events by conforming them into patterns which confirm its own suspicions yet reassure its impermeable egotism.

THESE curious and significant dispositions are sustained in the mores of the German people by means of a hierarchical conception of emulative authority that starts in the home and the school and reaches to the Kaiser or Führer than whom there is none higher than the German God—if the latter be higher. The German State, consequently, is a *Polizeistaat.* Its children and women are of the lowest rank. Starting with the servants, they can only look up. Higher-ups can kick, as well as be kicked, in the face. Occupations form a certain hierarchy of which the high place is the profession of arms, whose officer caste formed "an oligarchical state within a state." Bureaucrats and officials are sacred and *Beamtenbeleidigung* is a crime, *verboten* with thousands of other things. The correct ideal of life is an army-like *Ordnung* prescribed from on high and to be understood compulsively, as Duty, forcing the spontaneities of men under from every side. Locutions, manners, personal honor, conduct, express this institutional structure, whose spiritual culmination is the cult of messianic *Deutschtum,* a social heritage imposed during five generations by the paranoid masters of Germany upon the people of Germany, and seeking foreign conquests.

The fundamental diagnosis—paranoia—is not as new as those imagine who consider it for the first time. I recall its having been propounded regarding Imperial Germany in the *Dial,* in September, 1917; and having been affirmed concerning the Nazis and their faith in the *Jewish Daily Bulletin* some months after Hitler took power. But Dr. Brickner develops it with a completeness and a sureness of touch which those earlier statements entirely lack. And he attributes to the paranoid culture a power of contagion which these others doubt. In the individual, paranoia has a way of dominating other trait-patterns which render cure impossible, improvement a gamble. Therapeutic strategy with individuals consists in getting hold of an uninfected "clear area" in the patient's psyche, in widening it, and by this means winning his affection and trust and leading him to recognize his psychosis for what it is. Thus he may once more tend toward being a good neighbor instead of a dangerous one.

Although the paranoid drive behind *Deutschtum* and the peculiar arts it cultivates are likely to be dominant and its non-paranoic traits recessive in the German national character, the healing of the Western World from the sickness of Germanism must adopt an analogous method. If it is to "eliminate German paranoid trends as a future world factor," it must put sanity in power in the German land and encourage its spread and growth with every sort of material and spiritual reward. It must enforce, educate, persuade. In sum, it must do what many observers (Dr. Brickner cites Edgar Mowrer) recognized must be done, without benefit of psychiatry—complete in the Germany of the new world the social revolution which the Weimar Republic did not even begin to be. This, however, has long been the judgment and program of such units as the Association of Free Germans, who also arrived at it without benefit of psychiatry, and of practically all liberal groups who are concerned to put an end to tyranny and aggression and to establish a free world of free men living at peace with one another.

In view of this general disposition, I find myself unconvinced as to the programmatic value of the "paranoid" interpretation of Germany's *Kultur* as a guide in effecting the fundamental social revolution which post-Nazi Germany requires. That it is

Duffy—"The Unconquered People."

Perhaps the peoples of Europe have a peace plan of their own.

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valid for certain dominant groups in Germany has always seemed to me beyond dispute. But nobody realistically aware of those components of German life and culture which Dr. Brickner did not consider in his diagnosis can accept the presumption that the pattern of German culture is organic, cohesive, and sustained inwardly and univocally by the flow of paranoid energies from above. On the contrary, there is ground for thinking that Germany has a culture as well as a *Kultur,* there are two German cultures, and that the bulk of the German people are not less assuredly prisoners of the *Deutschtum's* force and fraud than the French, Russian, and Polish slaves of the Nazi aggression.

There is ground for believing that there survives in Germany a culture of the people, enchanneled in trades-unions, in coöperatives, in the Social Democratic party, together with their arts and letters, which is not only different from but opposed to the *Kultur* of the *Polizeistaat.* It is not without significance for Dr. Brickner's diagnosis that Hitler, Streicher, and company grew strong in Catholic Bavaria which protected them from punitive action by the central government; that the people of Prussia offered the most effective resistance to the Nazis, who never became a legal majority there. Nor can the fact be disregarded that in the general elections which brought Hitler to power the Nazis received a majority of a little over two million out of close to forty million votes. The fact is important because those elections were not free elections. They had been preceded by the Reichstag fire and by a campaign in which the democratic parties had been deprived of the use of the radio, their press had been proscribed, hundreds of their leaders arrested, and their meetings violently broken up. At that the Nazis remained a minority party, supported by the residual reactionary fractions such as those of Hugenberg and von Papen.

Ever since that election they have had in the people a great, passive opposition whom they knew they must terrorize and coerce. It is for this purpose that they maintain their *S.S.* and *S.A.* and *Gestapo,* who compose the mercenaries of a permanent civil war, psychological and military, which the Nazis wage against their own innocent people. One might bear in mind the story written by F. W. Beattie of the United Press. "Six gave up to me. . . . They came up grinning with their hands in the air. They told me they stayed back purposely. 'We're no Nazis,' said one."

What, then, follows, is a matter of one's feeling about the common man. Help him, in Germany, to complete his social revolution—arrested by reaction as were, in their degrees, the American, the French, the Mexican, the Spanish—and he is no less and no more to be trusted than in any other land. Perhaps he needs most of all a fighting faith in freedom as intense as the paranoid's in *Deutschtum.* Not in Germany nor in terms of Germanism alone is the sickness of the Western World tyranny, moral, intellectual, material, and its healing, liberty. The idea "paranoia" makes it emotionally easier to understand tyranny, but I am not sure that it can be of any practical help in overthrowing and punishing the tyrants, in protecting and restoring their victims, and in enabling them to help themselves in establishing the Four Freedoms as the doctrine and discipline of their common life.

Horace M. Kallen's most recent work is "Art and Freedom," a two-volume work which represented the work of many years.

THE PANEL

Sigrid Undset:

THE Germans I used to know when I was a child and a young woman all were of the "Good Germans." The scientists who were friends of my father's, the quiet, comfortable housewives, the young girls visiting relatives in Norway were all of them nice people, kind and sensible, some of them highly intellectual. Only, it was no use to try and argue with them—I have never met a German who could bear with any semblance of grace to be contradicted. But I had an aunt, a sweet and very intelligent woman when she was "well," only off and on for years she had had to be confined to an asylum for the insane. And I had known since I was a small child, never argue with her, never contradict her, or she might get "so excited, it would make her ill." Without thinking about it I treated my German friends the way I had been taught to treat my aunt who was of unsound mind: when they would tell me how one ought to darn a sock or solve the labor problem, how to tackle a metaphysical problem or dishwashing or a political situation I never tried to gainsay them,—I knew it would be useless. I think it will prove important for the men who will have to deal with Germany in the future to keep in mind,—Germans who have never subscribed to the Nazi ideology, Germans who hold quite different, sometimes quite sane, views, hold them in a particular fashion. It is scarcely ever of any use to argue with them.

A vulgar expression that can be traced back at least a couple of centuries among the Scandinavian neighbors of the Germans is to say about somebody who goes off in a fit of uncontrollable rage: "He is as mad as a German." Of course popular ideas about mental sanity are often scientifically quite unsound. Though probably most modern psychiatrists agree, that the observation which made the Norwegians use "gal" the same way English-speaking people use "mad" as meaning furious as well as insane, is rather sound.

In my opinion Dr. Brickner's book "Is Germany Incurable?" is by far the most important contribution that has appeared up to now to the solution of the problem that will have to be faced when Germany is defeated, —what to do with the Germans? Dr. Brickner does not propose any easy solutions. What he does is the all-important thing, to state the *nature of the problem.* As a psychiatrist he is accustomed to observe "the dismal results that ensue when laymen attempt to deal with problems of abnormal behavior in terms of logic and common sense." To recognize that the problem of German aggression is fundamentally a psychiatric problem, not economical and political, that only psychiatric methods will act as a pertinent protective device, to use the words of Dr. Brickner, is the first condition that must be accepted, if a solution is ever to be achieved, that may prevent a third world war. The Germans have already prepared for this war, among other things by encouraging systematic breeding of German children, whilst preventing their neighbors from having children and destroying their children already born. They should not be permitted to harvest the fruits of this kind of planning.

Whether we like it or not, the United Nations will have to keep an army of occupation in defeated Germany for

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an indefinite time. In 1918 there was still a German state; for all her weaknesses organs of civil government did still exist. These organs have been destroyed by the Nazis, and we have vowed ourselves to the destruction of the organs of the Nazi New Order. Some seventy million human beings will be living in ruined cities and devastated countrysides with scarcely a vestige of organized social framework. Of course they must get help, to avoid mass starvation, but they must also be prevented from making a shambles of the core of an European continent, that should as quickly as possible be reorganized into working order. The conditions after the last war in Germany, with military bands of *Freischaren* roaming the land, Putsches, factions slaughtering each others' men in taverns and on the streets, Fehme murders, industrialists ruthlessly exploiting an economic debacle to grasp the valuable assets of the country, would be as a kindergarten spree compared to the conditions to be expected this time, unless the Allied nations occupy Germany. Probably the Germans themselves will clamor for such an occupation, to be saved from the fury of their victims everywhere. I believe this Allied occupational force should be accompanied by a large staff of medical officers, alienists, psychiatrists, and male nurses. A board of medical supervision, with extensive authority, should be set up. Scholarships should be given to students to go to Germany and learn about the importance of mental diseases or mental health in the affairs of society. For, as Dr. Brickner also points out, we have the paranoics with us in all countries, they influence public life everywhere. The difference is, we regard them as abnormal, when we happen to recognize their mentality; the Germans for generations have accepted them as their leaders and true exponents of the German national mind.

It is not to be expected that the common people in the countries who have suffered German invasion will understand that they were partly irresponsible for their crimes. It may cause resentment when a number of war criminals booked for just retribution disappear unpunished behind the walls of asylums for the criminally insane. It might even be more charitable towards the criminals to kill them than to lock them up for the rest of their lives. But it would probably be the justest way to deal with them.

Sigrid Undset, Norwegian novelist and Nobel Prize winner, is well known for her brilliant word-portraits of Norse women, most familiar of whom is "Kristin Lavransdatter." Two of her most recent books are "Return to the Future" and "Happy Times in Norway."

Gregory Zilboorg, M.D.:

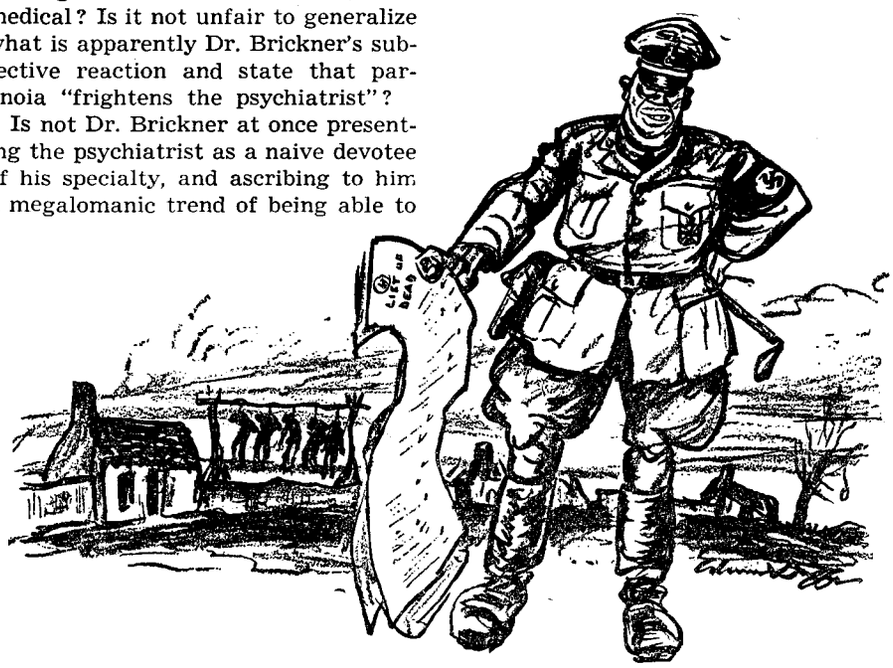
AS a sign of the times, Dr. Brickner's book may be passed over with some forbearance. We are at war with Hitler, and anything that makes the populace hate the Germans is grist to the bloody mill of this global struggle. Machiavellian propaganda may appear unsavory to the oversensitive, but in the midst of the battle anything that keeps the heat of hate at the level of its white glow is welcome to the combatant.

However, those whose memories are not short and who recall the deep disappointments which followed in the wake of the last war would stand askance, in a state of puzzlement and embarrassment, after the perusal of Dr. Brickner's book. A host of questions would gnaw at one's scientific and social conscience.

Why did Dr. Brickner choose to invoke the authority of psychiatry, when he should know that psychiatry is young and sociologically so very frail? Why would he not admit that we psychiatrists do not yet know how to treat whole cultures? How could a culture suffer from paranoia, any more than a culture could have pneumonia? Is it not true that only individuals can suffer from it? Is not paranoia absolutely incurable in individuals? Does not the greatest authority on the subject, E. Bleuler (and before him Kraepelin) definitely say so? How can the same disease be curable if a whole culture is supposed to be afflicted with it? Is it not a little foolhardy to state that one can diagnose paranoia by the "feel," by a sort of intuition? Is not such a manner of diagnosis rather unscientific, nonmedical? Is it not unfair to generalize what is apparently Dr. Brickner's subjective reaction and state that paranoia "frightens the psychiatrist"?

Is not Dr. Brickner at once presenting the psychiatrist as a naive devotee of his specialty, and ascribing to him a megalomanic trend of being able to cure the incurable and save man, nations, cultures, and the world? Why cite Alfred Rosenberg, who is as much a Russian as he is a German? Is it fair and clinically sound to speak of German dissatisfaction with the Versailles Treaty and its flagrant iniquities as "hullabaloo" and "whining" and "tearful propaganda?" Does a man have a right to shut himself up in his neurological ivory tower and disregard economic and political factors of history? Have we a scientific right to hew out of the whole of European culture a separate German culture allegedly different from the rest of the European tradition? Does this not mean falling into the trap of the Hitlero-Rosenbergian premises of dividing European segments into inferior and superior, sick and healthy? Are not Freud, Einstein, Mendelssohn, Heine, Ehrlich, and Zondek as much products of German culture as Bismarck and Treitschke? Is not the careful exclusion of these great German Jews from a consideration of the foundation of German culture a scientific and psychological mistake?

When Dr. Brickner cites Fichte's change of social philosophy, Arndt's poetry, and Ludwig Jan's philosophy, is he aware that he is citing a generation which was deeply wounded by the destructive imperialism of Napoleon, whose boot stamped all over Germany? Does not Dr. Brickner himself give the dates of 1810, 1813, and 1814, and yet fail to recall that those were the years when Europe—and particularly Germany—was bearing the wounds which Napoleon had slashed on the body of Europe? Did he consider that nationalism, fervent and blind, was born out of the blood



Duffy—"The Unconquered People."

Can men trained in murder over and above the call of war become civilized?

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Are there elements within Germany which are not only sane but which are anxiously awaiting their deliverance?

with which Napoleon fertilized the soil of Europe? Did he stop to think of pan-Slavism, which he fails to mention, and pan-Germanism as born out of a cross between the French and Industrial Revolutions and imperialism? Does not Dr. Brickner follow the sad path of Haeckel, whom he cites, by giving up scientific objectivity in favor of a quasi-scientific hymn of deprecation? Is not the diagnosis of paranoia in this case much less a medico-humanistic expression of concern for a patient than a smug pseudo-pity which is in reality contempt? Does not Dr. Brickner himself admit the helplessness of psychiatry in such matters, when he counsels the treatment prescribed by Edgar Ansel Mowrer and Sumner Welles? Is it really true that in Germany "grocers who quote Goethe in beer-gardens, taxi drivers who admire Nietzsche are familiar figures?" Does not this assertion demonstrate that Dr. Brickner really did not make a thorough study of his patient?

Would not Dr. Brickner agree with his own statement, to the effect that "the present situation is far too serious for us to expand the huge web of fantasy already spun around the Germans both by themselves and by others"—and by Dr. Brickner?

Would not we doctors do better, if as citizens we hated and fought our enemies to the utmost, but as doctors, and particularly as psychiatrists, we communed with ourselves and contemplated and studied and remembered that European culture is one and indivisible, and that we of this culture are as responsible for the birth of Mussolini and Hitler as the Italians and Germans themselves? And one last question: Why not a word about Mussolini and Franco, the great spiritual forerunners or brothers of Hitler, who are as dangerous as our quasi-psychiatric smugness is perilous?

Bertrand Russell:

WHEN once the Nazis have been defeated, it will be essential, if the world is to be fit to live in, that Germany shall be transformed, as soon as possible, into a nation which can have the same degree of freedom as other nations have, without being a perpetual threat to peace. This will undoubtedly require a process of re-education, and there are some who think that this process will be very slow. I do not myself think that this need be the case, if the victorious nations act wisely. In the first place, defeat itself will have a highly educative effect. The majority of Germans who followed Hitler did so because they thought he would restore Germany to the position which it occupied before 1914. They hoped that he would achieve this result without war, but they were convinced that, if there were war, he would lead them to victory. This belief having been blasted, the whole of the Nazis's philosophy will become unacceptable except to a small number of fanatics. The problem will be to replace it by something better, rather than by seven devils worse than the first.

The general principles to be followed are fairly clear. It should be, at first, impossible for Germany to engage in activities dangerous to other countries. This involves disarmament, and foreign control of heavy industry. But there should be every opportunity for individual Germans to participate in useful international activities, such as those of the International Labor Office. Germans as individuals, unless they have been prominent Nazis, should not be made to feel outcasts. If Germany is returned to take its place in an international organization—as must happen if the peace is to be more than an armistice—there must be a number of Germans trained in the atmosphere of international organization who will have acquired in administrative practice the habit of thinking in supernational terms. A nation cannot fail to be rebellious when its able men are balked of a legitimate sphere for their talents. In the national sphere, able Germans will, during the period of probation, have difficulty in finding any but harmful occupations, such as Hitler found; it is therefore very important that opportunities should be found for men in other directions.

The most important, and perhaps the most difficult, part of the problem is not of education in the strict sense. Schools and universities, ever since the time of Bismarck, have been largely responsible for the virulent nationalism of the German upper and middle classes. Those who have had their "education" since 1933 have been subjected to every modern technique designed to produce a war-hypnosis which, it was hoped, would make them immune to all except Nazis beliefs. I fear that a large proportion of these young men and women will never recover sufficiently to be of much use to the world. Defeat, no doubt, will cause them to eject the Nazi faith, but the result is likely to be, in the more energetic of them, the acceptance of something equally absurd if not equally harmful, and in the others a listless and skeptical cynicism leading to laziness and petty unscrupulousness. These lost souls, however, will be a not very large percentage of the German nation; regeneration must come through the education of those who are younger than the lost generation by those who are older.

Some control over German education will be necessary in the years after the war. It would never do to impose foreign teachers and professors upon German schools and universities, but the Germans entrusted with the task of education should, as far as possible, be men or women who had never succumbed to the Hitlerite fanaticism. Anybody who had been an active Nazi should be disqualified from teaching; any person, otherwise qualified, who had given proof of opposition to the Nazis should receive preferential treatment. Germans wishing to adopt an academic career should, if intellectually qualified, be offered scholarships at foreign universities. The necessary reforms as regards text-books and so on should proceed from the German government, at least ostensibly; it should be made clear that the sincere adoption of such reforms would shorten the period of military occupation. The German government should be encouraged to welcome back the many eminent men of

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learning who are now in exile, and to restore them to posts suitable to their talents.

I make no doubt that the revulsion of feeling caused by defeat would render all this feasible, if the victors could induce themselves to practise a little tact. And I have hope that, within twenty-five years, Germany can again become a civilized member of the comity of nations. After all, we must not forget that during the nineteenth century Germany led the world intellectually; the stock is unchanged, and in better circumstances might recover its former virtues. It rests with the victors to use their victory wisely; if they do so, the moral recovery of Germany may be more rapid than most of us dare to hope.

Bertrand Russell, philosopher, educator, political scientist, is now living in Bucks County, Pa.

Frank Kingdon:

DOCTOR BRICKNER has inaugurated what may easily turn into one of the most intriguing parlor games of the century. It has charades and gin rummy beaten a mile, for it combines all the charm of irresponsibility with all the impressiveness of intellectuality. He has written a volume, rhythmic with the lingo of psychoanalysis, to describe Germany as the paranoiac among the nations. May I invite you into my parlor?

First of all, however, we must agree on one rule. We must know before we start whether the nation we are going to analyze is a friend or a foe because, obviously, we can go the limit on the latter, but must not exceed the unpleasantness limit on the former. This rule will hamper us a little, but it need not spoil the game. So, draw up your chairs.

Great Britain is obviously the victim of narcissism, so absorbed in everything British (dontchaknow?) that it patronizes all whom it does not exploit. France has evidently suffered emotional shock which has drained its vitality and produced a keen but decadent cynicism. Russia can be none other than a manic-depressive, the present renaissance being a manic phase succeeding the depressive one under the last of the czars. China is the victim of escapism, preferring to retire to the couch of history rather than to face the new and realistic world of today. Japan has reverted to the primitive as its reaction to its obsession with new weapons of physical power and new horizons of imperialistic ambition. The United States is a case of delayed adolescence, its people intoxicated by their belief in its untested strength and insisting on flexing their muscles in public. Italy is evidently suffering from an Oedipus complex, unconsciously hating and desiring to kill the European culture from which it has drawn its own tradition, and which had its rebirth on Italian soil.

I must confess that it is a good game. I must also insist that it is an unconvincing one. It leaves that old lady, the Earth, still in the dark.

Ever since Science replaced God as the object of faith among men, scientists in their white coats have taken over the authority formerly the prerogative of priests in their black ones, and just as the word of the priest was once accepted as the voice of revelation, so now the vocabulary of the scientist is heard as the word of Truth. When Dr. Brickner clothes himself in his garb of the new sacerdotalism and utters his opinions in the language of the modern scholasticism, he can be sure of the full and uncritical attention of the bewitched acolytes of that most contemporary of altars, the couch of the analyst's confessional. It must be an ineffable joy to everyone who has squirmed with the parturition of his own unpleasant unconscious to watch this seemingly scientific exorcising of the devils from the psyche of a hated nation.

My quarrel with it is not that it gives pleasure, but that it is not really scientific. It is merely the translation of chauvinism into pseudo-scientific terms, in a situation that demands the humiliation of the enemy. As a contribution to a campaign of hate it has much to recommend it; as a permanent contribution to planning a stable relationship among nations it is inadequate in diagnosis and dangerous in prescribed therapy.

In the first place, the ascription of the insights of individual psychology to social groups is illuminating only in so far as we recognize the limitations of the parallel between the behavior of individuals and of societies. Statistically, a nation is the sum of its individual citizens, but, psychically, it is something more, and that extra something, the element which is precisely the national one, escapes the psychologist who concentrates on individual conduct. The point at which he makes connection with it is where he finds the individual discovering ego satisfactions in his identification with the group, but, unless he has made a further study of group behavior itself, he stops there. When he writes of the group as though it were just an individual writ large he has all the force of a strong analogy, but he never rises to the height of a valid argument.

Like any other nation, Germany contains within itself conflicting tendencies. Which of them will rise to dominance at a particular time depends undoubtedly upon dynamic forces active within the nation, but it also is affected by influences working upon it from outside. The world in general cannot treat a given nation as it chooses, and then blame the consequent manifestations upon the one nation uniquely. The present world upheaval has come in this particular kind of convulsion because entrenched national and personal interests would not adjust themselves to the necessities of a world in transition. Germany has precipitated the inevitable tragedy, it is true, but not simply because of its internal social dynamics, also as a result of historical forces working outside it. These were the forces that thought they could keep the organiza-

—*"Tale of A City."*

Is it possible that the problem may not be so much punitive as it is protective?

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tions of relationships rigid in a time when the relationships themselves were in a state of flux, and sooner or later the new tides of life within events were bound to burst the institutional forms that were no longer adequate to them.

This is not an excuse for Germany. It is a confession of sin. The United States Senate had a hand in it. So did Tory Britain. And France was an accessory. The consequent disease was about as diffused through the human race as it could be. It broke out virulently in the Nazi movement. This center of accumulated poison has to be opened and drained. That will give us a chance for convalescence. But the full cure will have to wait upon the willingness of all of us to discard old ways for new ones that will give the tides of organic health a chance to flow freely through all the veins of all nations.

Gregory Zilboorg has studied and practiced psychiatry in Russia, Germany, and the United States. He is a regular contributor to medical journals, and author of a number of books, the most recent of which is "Mind, Medicine, and Man."

Erich Fromm:

PSYCHOANALYSTS and psychiatrists have often tried to "analyze" nations, and religious and political movements. The methodological pitfall common to most of these attempts followed the same pattern—the psychoanalyst discovered some similarity between a clinical symptom and a cultural phenomenon. He then proceeded to establish an analogy between the two and to *explain* the cultural phenomenon on the assumption that it was caused by the same factors which had caused the individual's neurotic symptom. Thus, for instance, religious controversies were "explained" as symptoms of compulsive neurosis, political movements as results of an unresolved "Oedipus-complex," socio-economic systems as caused by neurotic character formations. Social and political factors were not considered to be "real" excepting as the rationalized expression of some neurotic symptom. The fallacy of this method has been so discouraging to many social scientists that most of them did not consider it worth while to combine psychoanalytic and sociological knowledge.

The desire on the part of psychiatrists to make a contribution to victory over the enemy has resulted in a series of articles and books dealing with the character of the Germans. Dr. Brickner's book is one of the outstanding attempts of this kind. To a social psychologist who has always believed that psychology can make a significant contribution to our understanding of group behavior, the renewed interest in this problem as expressed in Dr. Brickner's book should be very encouraging. All the more must I regret that the author repeats the methodological fallacy which was typical of the older writings of psychiatrists and psychoanalysts.

His book, too, employs the method of *analogy* where a thorough *analysis* of the character of the Germans is warranted. His clinical description of the paranoid character is excellent. But his way to prove that "the Germans"—or most of them—fit into this clinical picture is untenable. He attempts to prove his thesis mainly by quoting German writers whose utterances have the paranoid coloring which he had described in the clinical presentation of paranoid patients. Quite aside from the fact that it seems dubitable that one can analyze the character of any nation on the basis of literary quotations, the author's selection of German writers is lacking completely in objectivity. With few exceptions, he only quotes nationalistic and reactionary writers who are not more representative of Germany than reactionary writers are representative of any other country; as a matter of fact, this same method of quoting certain writers as proof of the evilness of a whole nation has been used by the Nazis in their attacks on the Jews, French, or British. Not only is the selection of writers one-sided, the author also quotes particularly often from books written during the First World War or previous wars which adds to the bias of his selections. He puts Goethe's sentence "Hammer or anvil must thou be" as a motto to the chapter on the German need to dominate, although Goethe could serve as an excellent illustration of the very opposite of the "paranoid" philosophy. One of the few occasions where the author refers to political movements instead of literature is the frequent reference to the Pan-German League; here Dr. Brickner is simply misinformed about the popularity of this small group of German Tories in pre-Hitler Germany.

It would indeed be most valuable for our war effort if we were correctly informed about the German character. But this task requires more knowledge of the Germans and a better method than is applied in Dr. Brickner's book. It is true, nations have a "social character." They share certain character traits because they share certain fundamental experiences to which all members of the group have been exposed. In order to analyze the social character of any nation, one must study their social, economic, political, and cultural situation in its minute details and then proceed to understand how this total situation molded the character structure of the majority of all members; one must study the intricate interaction of socio-economic, ideological, and psychological factors which operate in the history of any nation. This can only be done if one is as thoroughly acquainted and concerned with the history of a nation as the psychiatrist is acquainted with the individual life history of his patient.

There are good reasons to assume that the result of such serious study will be to show that great nations differ in certain character traits but not in the sense that some are essentially good and others essentially evil, nor in the sense that some are "healthy" and others "sick." What such study is most likely to show is that the characterological differences between different social groups within a nation are of great significance. Germany is a case in point; some of Dr. Brickner's description of the paranoid character may very well be applied to the German lower middle class, which formed the nucleus of the Nazi party, and further analysis can show that the reasons for this development are to be found in the socio-economic position of this class. It would become equally apparent that the paranoid trends are not characteristic of the vast majority of German workers, peasants, and middle class.

The increasing literature dealing with a psychiatric approach to the German national character suggests a twofold danger. On the one hand that psychiatric concepts are used as rationalizations for political slogans, thus depriving us of valid knowledge which we need for the conduct of the war and for realistic and rational plans for peace. On the other hand, that they become a substitute for valid ethical concepts; that they tend to weaken the sense for moral values, by calling something by a psychiatric term when it should be called plainly evil.

Erich Fromm is a trained psychoanalyst and a student of economics, politics, and history. His "Escape from Freedom" was published in 1941.

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Copernicus After 400 Years

The Man Who Set the Earth in Motion

FELIX E. HIRSCH

DURING this week, the whole civilized world is commemorating the four-hundredth anniversary of the death of Nicholas Copernicus, the astronomer who "stopped the sun and set the earth in motion." He died in a little town near the Baltic Sea the very day on which the first copy of his treatise on the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies had reached him. This work, though rarely studied by laymen today, is one of the greatest books of modern times, for it overthrew the whole traditional concept of the universe. Fitting tributes are being paid now to Copernicus at meetings throughout the United States.

It is a dreadful irony of history that in this Copernicus year, the gates of his alma mater, the University of Krakow, remain closed, like those of all other Polish seats of higher learning. There will be no celebration by Polish scientists in the building in which he studied and in whose courtyard his monument rises. But Polish patriots insist that you cannot commemorate Copernicus without paying homage to the University of Krakow and the spirit of learning that has prevailed at Polish scholarly institutions since the days of the Renaissance. The jubilee we are celebrating now seems to be a fitting occasion to assure the suffering people of Poland that the full restoration of their universities is a task close to the hearts of the American intelligentsia. No peace arrangements that will follow this war can disregard this just claim. The damage done to these universities and to the brave men who taught there must be repaired. American generosity certainly will not be lacking when it comes to the rehabilitation of Poland's academic institutions. The people of this nation will do for Krakow and Warsaw what they did for Louvain a generation ago.

THE dreamy little town of Frauenburg has not changed much since the days when the Cathedral Canon Nicholas Copernicus studied the sky from the tower of his residence there and, by his observations, brought about one of the great revolutions of the human mind. The old-fashioned buildings around the market place convey a feeling of peace and serenity, but are not remarkable otherwise. The town derives its only significance from the fact that it has been the seat of the Bishop of Ermland (Varmia) since the fourteenth century. The cathedral is a powerful Gothic structure, impressive by its dignity and simplicity of design; it has few, if any, equals in Eastern Germany.

Nicholas Copernicus passed thirty years of his ripe manhood and old age on this cathedral hill. Here in this church—near the second foremost column of the southern row—stood the altar which was entrusted to him when he was inaugurated as a canon. And his remains were interred under the flooring somewhere beside the same altar; the exact spot is in doubt. Very close to the cathedral was the Curia Copernicana, the modest home in which he spent the hours not taken up by his ecclesiastical duties. His living quarters were located in the northwestern tower of the bastioned wall that surrounded the cathedral. The tower opens up an almost unlimited view over land and sea and, therefore, must have been an ideal observation point for an astronomer.

The Curia Copernicana has undergone various changes since his death, and many of the canon's earthly possessions disappeared in the turmoil of the Thirty Years' War. Part of the three-story building serves now as the Episcopal library, while the uppermost room in the tower has become a Copernicus museum. The visitor who enters today the Curia Copernicana in a spirit of reverence may easily have a vision such as Jan Matejko, the Polish national painter, put on canvas. In this portrait Matejko showed the great astronomer standing at night on the open bastion that was connected with his observation tower, and watching the sky. Very few instruments are indicated in the portrait, and Copernicus had indeed only some elementary tools at his disposal, most of which had been known to Ptolemy and other ancient scholars.

Those who make the pilgrimage to Frauenburg, as did this writer ten years ago, will never cease being intrigued by the personality of this unassuming cathedral canon. Unfortunately, the literature in the English language dealing with Copernicus is rather unsatisfactory. Only three publications deserve favorable mention: a Columbia dissertation on the gradual acceptance of the Copernican theory of the universe by Dorothy Stimson (1917), a short biography by Angus Armitage of University College, London (1938), and a spirited essay by Stephen P. Mizwa of the Kosciuszko Foundation, New York (1943). Three Copernican treatises have been translated by Edward Rosen (1939), but the *magnum opus* about the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies is not yet available in English, just four hundred years after it was first printed in Nuremberg! The serious student of Copernicus's career and accomplishments has still to rely on the older standard works written in German (by Leopold Prowe) and Polish (by Ludwik A. Birkenmajer).

It may be hoped that the present jubilee celebrations will inspire an American scholar to give us a new full-length portrait of Copernicus. This task should be undertaken only by a person who is thoroughly familiar with both the development of astronomy and the general history of Euro-

—From the painting by Jan Matejko

Copernicus on the bastion of his observation tower.

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pean civilization. And he should choose his point of observation above the level of national rivalries. Nicholas Copernicus, whether he was born of Polish or German parents or came from a mixed marriage, is just as little the exclusive property of Poles or Germans as his contemporary Erasmus (with whom he has more than one trait in common) can be claimed only by the Dutch, because of the mere fact that he was born in Rotterdam. Each in his own way was a citizen of the world and belongs to the whole of mankind.

WHEN Copernicus had attended to all his manifold tasks as a cathedral canon, he quietly returned to the tower of his Curia in Frauenburg and continued his observations of the sky. He supplemented and checked his results by reading carefully in the original certain classic authors such as some members of the Pythagorean school who had been aware of the possibility that the earth might be moving. Gradually what had only dawned on him became his firm conviction when he was a pupil of the ingenious astronomer Domenico Maria Novara in Bologna: that not the earth but the sun was the center of the universe and that therefore the whole theory of Ptolemy of Alexandria was to be discarded. In its place Copernicus developed, step by step, his own heliocentric system which became the foundation of modern astronomy.

For more than thirty years he kept his discovery from the general public. Probably he feared to become involved in a fight that might threaten his position within the Church, of which he was a faithful servant, though never a zealot. After all, the Counter-Reformation was just then raising its ugly head. If it had not been for the strong encouragement by some friends, Copernicus's great work "De revolutionibus orbium coelestium libri six" might never have seen the light of day.

It is somewhat amusing to see that we owe the publication of "De revolutionibus" largely to George Joachim Rheticus, a young professor of mathematics in Wittenberg, the citadel of Protestantism. Rheticus spent two glorious years as a pupil of the aging canon. He published an outline of "De revolutionibus" in the form of a letter to a former teacher ("Narratio prima"); it contained also some interesting sidelights on his new master of whom he had grown very fond. His youthful enthusiasm finally overcame Copernicus's resistance. At long last, he gave permission to print "De revolutionibus," but not without having inserted a dedication to Pope Paul III—a strategical consideration.

Unfortunately, the work appeared in an adulterated form. Andreas Osiander, a Protestant theologian in Nuremberg, who was to read the proofs of "De revolutionibus," wanted to be especially cautious and added an unsigned preface in which he told the reader that the whole book contained only hypotheses, not certainties! Copernicus did not realize the fraud that had been committed there when he received the first copy on his deathbed (May 24, 1543). He was able to handle the book, but his eyes could no longer grasp the contents. Its arrival at this moment was symbolic; thus in a very special way, said his biographer Prowe, the end of Copernicus's life meant the beginning of his immortality.

"IMMORTALITY" is a big word. There is no famous scientist of past centuries whose discoveries would not seem outmoded to the expert of today, at least in some respects. Copernicus did not escape this fate. His heliocentric law of planetary motions was certainly the greatest single step forward in the whole history of astronomy, but he did not solve all the riddles of the universe by his new system. Kepler, Galileo, and Newton were needed for erecting the final structure on the foundation which he had laid. Each of them clarified, expanded, and corrected certain ideas of "the sage of Frauenburg," but his merit remains forever to have made possible the break-through of modern scientific thought. His place in the history of civilization is with Columbus, Erasmus, and Luther.

The personality of Copernicus appeals to the man of the twentieth century for various reasons. We admire the catholicity of his interests. He was equally at home in all branches of knowledge of his age, was churchman and statesman, astronomer and physician in one person. And we respect his perseverance in search of scientific truth. For more than thirty years he continued quietly his observations with unending patience in order to exclude the slightest possibility of error. Few other men of learning would have shown such reticence and spirit of humility. Finally, we salute Nicholas Copernicus because this Renaissance scholar stood for the same ideals for which the best among us are striving today. He is a symbol of that *universitas literarum* in which there is no place for national or denominational jealousies. Professor Stephen P. Mizwa, the Secretary of the Copernican Quadricentennial National Committee, has expressed this line of thought very appropriately: "In paying tribute to Copernicus of four hundred years ago, the scientific world of today reaffirms its own faith in the dignity of free scientific inquiry."

Felix E. Hirsch is librarian and assistant professor of literature at Bard College, Columbia University.

Educational Equations of the Future

SLAVES NEED NO LEADERS. By Walter M. Kotschnig. New York: Oxford University Press. 1943. 284 pp. xv. $2.75.

Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

WHAT kind of education contributed to the rise of totalitarianism? What kind of education helps to maintain it? What kind of education can be an antidote for it?

These are urgent questions both for citizens and for educators; and they are here considered by a scholar who has an ample comparative background out of which to proffer helpful conclusions. The study is primarily centered on the European educational scene and at the center of the problem faced is the prickly matter of the re-education of the German teacher about which some exceedingly pertinent suggestions are offered. Parallel with it in magnitude is the reorienting of the German students who have been so successfully indoctrinated by the Hitler regime. "The success or failure of the new peace settlement . . . will depend on the success or failure of the re-education of Germany."

A final chapter treats of post-war education in Britain and America, and the attention is focussed on how international understanding is to be strengthened through the processes of public school education. This discussion is divided as between the immediate reconstruction measures and the more long-time policies to be employed.

This book does what it sets out to do. It calls America's attention to the educational aspects of the problem of international comity—to the burden which education must assume for building undivided minds and hearts attuned to moving happily and competently in a global world.

It does not minimize the difficulties. It does not pretend to supply all the answers. But it is a needed reminder by a man of goodwill and a citizen of the world that, if we are to live responsibly in a supernational world, the citizens of the constituent countries have to be possessed of a supernational knowledge and outlook.

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Continental Stepping Stone to Victory

AFRICA: Facts and Forecasts. By Albert Q. Maisel. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 307 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RAOUL AGLION

THIS timely book is divided into three parts of unequal length. The first one deals with the war and the importance of the Dark Continent in the German and Allied war strategy; the second, purely political, deals with the Atlantic Charter and the record of the white men in Africa; the third is descriptive: it surveys each of the forty-eight segments of the continent which are divided among the French, English, Spanish, British, Portuguese, and the very few remaining independent countries such as Egypt, Ethiopia, and Liberia.

There is a French proverb that says "Colonies are won in Africa, but lost on European battlefields." Such a statement is, indeed, true. France lost India and Canada after the disastrous wars waged by Louis XIV; Reunion Island as well as other colonies were lost at Waterloo; the Germans, who succeeded in conquering Tanganyika, Togoland, and Cameroon, lost them at the Versailles Treaty. It can furthermore be said that, should the Germans have succeeded in winning the present war, it would have meant for France the loss of her African Empire. As far as Italy is concerned, there is no doubt that she will, in this war, lose her so-called Abyssinian Empire.

Strange as it may seem, only gigantic wars have been fought in Africa. Usually, wars between two European countries never went so far. Africa has been a big battlefield for Romans, Carthaginians, and the soldiers of Mohamet. Napoleon fought in Egypt. Since that time, wars have not been fought in Africa but in Europe. Africa is at the periphery of Europe; the position of this high plateau reaching from Spain to the Balkans makes it an obvious springboard for all fighters.

Few people have been interested in Africa. Americans know more about China, the Far East, Australia, and of course Europe, than about the Black Continent.

Africa can be geographically divided into two large sections. The North is the home of Semitic and Hamitic races which settled there thousands of years ago, and in the large territory south of the Sahara the Negro population is found.

Very few European countries have succeeded in establishing mass white settlements in Africa. The French have done so in Algeria and the British have done so in South Africa.

A large part of the book is devoted to Black Africa. How has the native population been conquered? Unfortunately, it is to be confessed that not everything has been done to help the natives to build up a civilization of their own. Sometimes the European powers have tried to wipe out the natives, sometimes they have tried to assimilate them into their own civilization for which they obviously were not made.

> Germans were the most ruthless in these slaughters . . . In South West Africa, the first of the German colonies, the Herreros were cattle breeders, a proud and highly developed tribe which numbered some ninety thousand when the Germans first came. German traders, backed as they were by troops, drove harder and harder bargains with these natives in the cattle trade until, at last, the Herreros sprang into revolt in 1904. Systematically and with German thoroughness, the revolt was suppressed.

From that time on the racial principles, which the Germans were to apply later against the European populations conquered by them, were already decided upon.

The English and French administrations have tried, during the last few years, to develop their colonies: schools have been started in Africa, medical assistance for the natives has become increasingly well organized there since the last war.

Large sections, in central Africa—which are in the tropics—have a very unhealthy climate, and a considerable amount of work is still to be done with a view toward wiping out disease and malnutrition existing in these regions. The necessary staff will have to be augmented after the war, to prevent lowering the standard of sanitation and to set up dispensaries and other means of help all over the continent. Up to now, religious missions of different creeds have been working hard, but the results obtained are quite insufficient.

It should be one of the aims of the United Nations to create normal living conditions for the natives. Concerning the help the Negroes can themselves give to ameliorate their situation, we read:

> Some years ago, there were many who maintained that the African natives could not, for generations at least, reach an educational status that would serve as a base for widespread medical education. "White doctors," these people said, "must always form the body of the African medical services." But to achieve the same proportion of doctors to patients maintained in the United States, Tanganyika would need from five to six thousand physicians. It actually had thirty-nine full-fledged European doctors. Similar conditions obtain elsewhere.

The United Nations should work out plans for moral as well as physical assistance in Africa. It has been said that there will be no lasting peace if the nations in Europe do not recover their full independence and obtain normal standards of living. Africa, one of the largest continents of the world, should also share in a large part of the progress of humanity. Should it not be so, discontent will flare up, and riots will develop, which may end in a war in which, again, Europe and America may be involved.

The book of Mr. Maisel will prove most useful for all those who are interested in the African question, and for all scholars preparing post-war plans.

—British Official Photo

This scene from "Desert Victory" shows men of the British 8th Army digging in while their big guns blasted the enemy out of their positions.

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Building Our Own Toboggan

CIRCUIT OF CONQUEST. By Relman Morin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 361 *pp.* $3.

YEARS OF BLINDNESS. By H. G. Quaritch Wales. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1943. 332 *pp., and index.* $3.

Reviewed by HUGH BYAS

RELMAN MORIN, A.P. correspondent in Tokyo, took a swing around Japan's "Circuit of Conquest" just before it was conquered. Shanghai, Manila, Java, Bangkok, Saigon, and a frontier dump in Siam were his stopping places. Mr. Wales had spent twenty years at work in the same places. He had been an official in Siam and afterwards field director of the Greater India Research Committee. Each of these observers had his own background, his own approach, and his own standard. The result is two pictures of the same scene, curiously different yet curiously complementary.

In Thailand, Mr. Morin, straight from Tokyo and from a taste of the brutality with which the Japanese army handled correspondents if thought too inquisitive, was struck by the imitative rawness with which young Siamese officers were copying Tokyo. They had adopted the manners and methods of Japan's Gestapo, the gendarmerie. They gave Mr. Morin a dirty deal.

Mr. Wales shows us the reason why —or part of it. He had been a chamberlain at the court of King Prajadhipok (sky-blue tails and silver lace) in 1925. The court and country swarmed with foreigners. "The British had the teak and tin concessions, the French had their teak forests, the Danes had a finger in every pie." Young Siam was "fed up" and decided that the patronage of another Asiatic race might be less irksome than having so many white men around.

Morin's was a grim and tragic journey, yet it is a pleasure to travel with him. He is a first-class reporter with an unerring eye for the human touch in every situation; he writes well and sometimes brilliantly; and he is eminently a "communicable" writer. He takes the reader into his mind as well as into the situations he is describing. You feel what it was to be there during the last days of our Far Eastern Pompeii. And it is not a stage Pompeii, peopled by dramatized creatures of hindsight, but a place as human as Connecticut.

Singapore was "a nice place, leisurely, colorful, the symbol of Empire," and sunk in complacency like Manila. The foggy it-can't-happen-here attitude had eaten into both civilian and military morale. In any case, "the eyes of Singapore were turned towards the sea." It was a naval base, not a fortress, and, when the Japanese made their agreement with Vichy which opened the land route to its back door, its doom was sealed. But it was still a long, long way down the Malay Peninsula, and Morin could not quite believe that Japan would challenge the United States and Britain. In Indo-China, the Japanese did what they liked and the French did not try to stop them. They were stunned; they had been sold down the river by the people at home and they did not revolt; they could not. The sky had fallen and there was nothing they could do about it.

Mr. Morin rubs in the lesson:

> So now we have been smashed flat in the Orient. The whole of it is Japanese, from Siberia to the equator, . . . including the American islands that some of our senators wouldn't fortify for fear of "irritating Japan."

And why? Because

> for years American and British statesmen and all the experts, political, military, and psychological experts, had been mistaken about Japan. To them the Japanese were a "funny little people" who had neither the temerity to attack us nor the strength and skill to succeed if they did.

Relman Morin

That state of mind has been an expensive luxury. It would have been interesting to have Mr. Morin discuss its origins. Where did it come from? Not from the correspondents in Tokyo, not from the diplomats stationed there, nor from their naval and military attachés. It was the people at home who underrated Japan. They did not want to be disturbed by the irritating and incomprehensible little men, and, when the day of reckoning came, it was the Japanese who selected the time, the place, and the manner and thereby dictated its outcome.

Mr. Wales shows that Western decline was no sudden accident but a long process. He discusses the decline of imperialism. One cause is the change in British public opinion which feels that colonialism is out of harmony with modern ideas of freedom and equality. Another is the relaxed grip of the white man, due to easy prosperity. Another is the cable. It has taken from the white man the qualities by which he gained his power. When there was no cable, no long distance radiophone, the official or the merchant had to rely on himself, so he had to equip himself to take decisions which could make or break him, he had to learn the language and understand the people. Today, planter or merchant or colonial governor dare not take any decision of importance until his head office agrees. And so, in the East where the personal touch is the very breath of life in government, our inventions have taken it from us.

Both of our observers believe we shall have a chance to redeem our mistakes. Japan will be beaten, says Mr. Morin, because the spirit and will of America, Britain, and Holland are expressed by their fighting men, not by the sun-enervated "minds" of Singapore, Manila, and Shanghai. Mr. Wales calls for a basic change in the white man's attitude towards Asia. An armed and united and modernized India and China, taught by Russia to build tanks and planes, and a race war of cosmic proportions, may be the alternative the white man must face unless he offers Asia the hand of equality and opportunity. That is a long range prophecy; much water will flow down the Brahmaputra and the Yangtze before Pan-Asia is more than a phrase. But when the war ends there will be an opportunity such as history rarely provides for the white man to put his entire relationship with Asia on a new footing. Both books help towards that end by holding the mirror up to the East that we shall not see again. They should be read by all who take an interest in its remaking.

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The Revolution in Mexico

THE WIND THAT SWEPT MEXICO. By Anita Brenner and George R. Leighton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 302 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by BETTY KIRK

THIS is a remarkable book for many reasons. One is that it is the first complete history of the Mexican Revolution, covering the years from 1910 to 1942. Another is that the text by Miss Brenner is given graphic force, depth, and movement in the photographic record assembled by George R. Leighton. The integration of the two provides a lens through which the whole world revolutionary movement is brought into focus through the medium of Mexico.

Although "no revolution has ever been so thoroughly photographed," as Mr. Leighton observes, and although dozens, perhaps hundreds, of books have been written on the Mexican experiment, we have had, in the United States, a much clearer understanding of the Russian Revolution than of the one next door. The particular quality of this work is that for the first time it catches the historical sweep of the Mexican movement and translates its significance for the modern world.

I heartily agree with Miss Brenner's thesis that " 'The Wind That Swept Mexico' is . . . the story closest to us of the winds sweeping the world." For in the Mexican revolution the whole reason for revolt, the path that revolution takes, the chaos spewed up by destruction, and the noble efforts of man to build anew are revealed.

The cause for revolution was planted in that golden age of "prosperity" over which Don Porfirio Diaz reigned for thirty-four years. Mexico was prosperous then for a privileged group who included the Diaz favorites and foreigners with extra-territorial rights. The slogan of the *cientifico* clique was "Little politics, much administration. Let us be scientific, let us be realistic."

This golden era crowned itself in September, 1910, with a centennial independence celebration to which ambassadors were sent from all over the world. Order and ostentation were what the delegates saw, since they never went beyond the gilded capital. Yet by early November guerillas were fighting federal troops in the north and before the month had ended troops were machine gunning rebellious crowds before the National Palace.

The "realistic" *cientificos* had not heard the mutterings of the people, yet those people made up ninety per cent of the nation. As their mutterings became a growl and the growl became a shout the dictator abdicated and the revolution was unleashed. Its standard bearer was a gentle little man named Francisco I. Madero, one of those many aristocrats who, in the history of revolutions, have led the people to overthrow their feudal masters. The people whom he led were the Indian and *mestizo* peasants, chained like serfs to the great haciendas. Their cry as they rose in revolt was "Land and Liberty!" It is what they have fought for ever since.

So began an upheaval which anticipated that which China was to make a year later, Russia in 1915. For thirty years it has ebbed and flowed, as a nation and its leaders struggle to uproot the old and build the new. Drenched in blood and tears as this struggle has been, it has yet built the first socialistic state in the new world, a functional modern structure for the emancipation of the masses. How this state was created is brilliantly told.

The men who led this crusade and the masses they led are vividly revealed in text and pictures. Their names are Villa, Zapata, Carranza, Obregon, Calles, Cardenas, and Avila Camacho. Each symbolizes a phase of the revolution on the march from guerilla warfare to the expropriation of foreign oil properties. Beside them loom the nameless peasants for and with whom they fought. With few exceptions it is a gallery of heroes.

Stalking behind them are the counter-revolutionaries, the men who would reverse the revolution, return to "the good old days." It is frightening to see how they endure and regain their strength, regardless of the blows dealt them by the liberals. Today they are once more merging on the Mexican scene; it is a time to take care.

Of deepest concern to all citizens of this country should be the part our government has played in this upheaval. First its policy was to unmake the revolution. Next it was to check its growth. Only under the Good Neighbor Policy did it become realistic, recognize the true character of the struggle, and endeavor to strengthen not weaken it.

Miss Brenner is searing in her condemnation of the first two policies adopted by Washington and she fails to grasp the full import of the third. United States policy, as I have observed it during the past six years, has been to block the counter-revolution, not the revolution itself. She errs, too, in her appraisal of the Avila Camacho program. He did not originally announce the end of land division, as she states, but endorsed it from the beginning and has donated over 6,000,000 acres of land. These two faults arise from her lack of recent first-hand knowledge which makes her earlier pages so convincing.

Of first importance is her analysis of Mexico's influence in the Latin American world, an influence deriving from the Revolution itself. "Mexico occupies a crucial position in hemisphere politics and culture. . . . Our relations with Mexico are seen as a test of our intentions towards other peoples of this continent. Thus Mexico connects or disconnects inter-American solidarity." This lesson is vital to us as the anti-"gringo" sentiment there grows.

Mr. Leighton's illustrations make luminous the story that Miss Brenner tells and have the added value of giving dramatic movement to her studied and often static prose. The book is a must item for all concerned with the problems and possible solutions of a world in revolution.

George Leighton and Anita Brenner map out their book.

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Mr. Freeman's Continuing Study

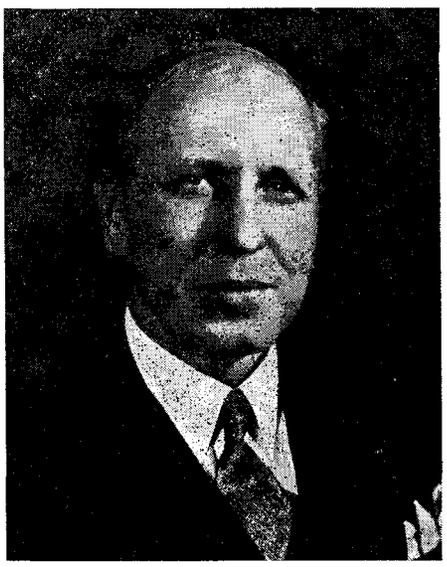
LEE'S LIEUTENANTS: A Study in Command. Volume Two: Cedar Mountain to Chancellorsville. By Douglas Southall Freeman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, Inc. 1943. 760 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

IN this second volume, well over seven hundred pages long, Mr. Freeman's study of the Civil War makes its majestic and minutely detailed way as far as the reorganization of the Army of Northern Virginia preparatory to the invasion of Pennsylvania. It thus covers Second Manassas, Lee's first invasion, which ended with Antietam (or Sharpsburg), Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and the skirmishing and maneuvering incidental to them.

Mr. Freeman's primary purpose, that of studying the problem of leadership as Lee's army had to deal with it, can concentrate on more clearly defined campaigns than the material of the earlier volume permitted and therefore can achieve more positive conclusions. Reviewing that earlier volume in these columns, I suggested that one of the forces which conditioned the problem, the presence, leadership, and fighting of the enemy tended to be slighted. It receives more attention here, especially in relation to Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. In both battles we are shown Union mistakes as well as miscarriage or faulty execution of Confederate plans, bad union generalship as well as superior, indifferent, and fumbling Confederate generalship, and as a result both battles are much more clearly understandable as combats, two-way actions, than anything in Volume One.

Nevertheless, it seems to me, that, even in presenting the Union side of Chancellorsville, Mr. Freeman understates the importance of Sedgwick's attack on Early and his later successful defense against a rapidly concentrating army—and since he understates it, he omits something that plays a vital part in the problem of leadership. Chancellorsville is the textbook masterpiece, the most brilliantly conceived and most brilliantly fought battle of the Civil War. No one has ever shown more brilliantly than Mr. Freeman why that is so. But it did not achieve the destruction of Hooker's army, whereas it might well have done so except for Sedgwick's action. Here, I repeat, is a force which produces effects in the leadership of the Confederate army and ought to be studied as such. Similarly with Mr. Freeman's account of Antietam. We are left to the conclusion that this battle, which was either a defeat for Lee or else a drawn battle, if you prefer, was prevented from being a rout by the fighting qualities of Lee's army and by the successive achievements of Confederate generals, and that Lee might well have won it decisively except for the unprecedented straggling (most of it caused by lack of shoes) and the finding of the famous "lost order." Whereas at Antietam McClellan showed both his strength and his weakness and both played a part



Douglass Southall Freeman

in the actual result and in the fact that that result was not a greater defeat for Lee.

This volume brings the Army of Northern Virginia to its full magnificence. The corps is increased in number, then reduced. The serious weaknesses in staff work have been greatly reduced, though Lee's army, like all others in this war, never completely obviated them. Reorganization of the artillery has enormously increased its effectiveness. (But Mr. Freeman does not emphasize either the Confederate or the Union artillery as much as students do who have the First World War or its current successor in mind.) A. P. Hill proves that he can march his men as fast and fight them as hard as Jackson, who, however, goes on finding fault with him and dies with the quarrel unresolved. Stuart's brilliance, exhibitionism, and undependability have grown more marked. Lee continues to give verbal orders where written ones would have prevented misunderstanding and to trust the initiative of his subordinates perhaps a little more than is safe. With Ewell wounded at Groveton (an engagement, by the way, which gets a better account here than it has ever had before) Early comes to the front, a first-rate fighting man, capable of high command but not disposed to undervalue his talents and achievements. The army has lost staggeringly in the upper ranks. Mr. Freeman makes the important point that by May, 1863, the Confederacy, though it was developing many superb brigadiers, was already running short of material for divisional and corps command. A number of political generals have been disposed of or retired to places where they can do no harm; a few genial and patriotic gentlemen have proved themselves incompetent leaders in battle. Longstreet has commanded some inconclusive operations in North Carolina, and it is suggested that the experience will be bad for him hereafter. (One wonders if Gettysburg will not turn out to have been, not Lee at something less than his best, but Longstreet's pride, self-will, and insubordination.)

Jackson, of course, dominates this volume. Mr. Freeman's study of him is the best ever written, and is scrupulous in pointing out the qualities that sometimes caused trouble: his intense secretiveness, his failure to insist on good staff work, his occasional weakness at maneuver, the obstinacy or intellectual arrogance of his quarrels with Hill and others. This realism in no way detracts from the brilliance of Jackson's battles or the importance of his achievements.

Mr. Freeman's second purpose, to write a detailed military history of Lee's army, is fulfilled with great thoroughness. Students will be in his debt indefinitely: no action is too slight, no organization too small, for him to follow exhaustively. If his pen still dips occasionally in the rhetoric of reverence and formal emotion, the tradition of Confederate history, he retains no other trace of that tradition and remains altogether objective throughout. His is certainly the soundest and most usable treatment of these actions ever written. It is, however, the history exclusively of the actions it deals with. One might argue that for Mr. Freeman, as for Lee, the war outside Virginia is perhaps a little too nearly unreal. During the period covered by this volume such battles as Shiloh and Stone's River were fought, Tennessee and a large part of Mississippi were lost to the Confederacy, stretches of the Mississippi were closed, and the campaign that closed it altogether got under way and approached victory. These events go unmentioned in Mr. Freeman's pages, but there is a point of view from which they too seem part of the history of Lee's army.

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Thomas Wolfe Looks Homeward

THOMAS WOLFE'S LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER. Edited with an Introduction by John Skally Terry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 358 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

THESE letters will make your heart ache; yet they tell a tale which is not new, which has a hackneyed plot, and which, in this instance, had a fairly happy ending. It is the old story of a creative imagination born into the brain of an apparently average child in a middle-class family. When the creative imagination began to express itself, truculent misunderstanding rose to bar the path. From then on it was Thomas Wolfe against the world, with only his mother standing firmly by.

It is typical of America, where everyone has to make his own way and be proud as Lucifer about accepting help from anyone, that many people feel that Wolfe should not have taken money from his mother for his education at Harvard, and at odd times thereafter. This attitude also reflects a misunderstanding of the relationship between mother and son. Tom was the last and therefore the favorite child. He was not weaned until he was three and a half years old. He was petted and adored by the older children. His mother early recognized his gigantic ambitions, and was his ally in the attempt to achieve them. The money she sent him never took the bread from her mouth. She could afford to go to Florida every winter, and to dabble in real estate. Her preoccupation with poverty rose from a naturally frugal nature and the chronic "poor mouth" which seems to afflict the whole South as a result of the Civil War. Wolfe was constantly and sincerely apologetic about the money he received from home; he obviously didn't waste it; and he obviously didn't get any too much. As soon as he made a little himself he offered it to his mother and his family. In the end he gave them, through his achievements, more than they could possibly have given him, ever.

Wolfe's central problem was that which confronts every man in a material world who finds himself with an artistic talent. Should he sacrifice those early, vigorous years, when he could be accomplishing so much in a trade or profession, to the development of an ability which in the end might turn out to be mediocre—or, what is even worse, be so great that it could not earn him a living? Wolfe was convinced that the sacrifice was worthwhile, but he lived in the agonizing consciousness that no one else did, and that even his mother was sticking by him more through love than conviction. Yet love, he found, was better than conviction, for when Professor Baker, of Harvard, insisted that the boy stay away from teaching and devote himself to writing, he was lofty and silent about how the six-foot seven-inch body was to be fed during the period between effort and success. Mrs. Wolfe never talked platitudes. She sent the money.

The letters are an excellent record of Wolfe's discovery, development, and expression of his talent. It is amazing that he did all of his fiction writing in so brief a period of years—ten in all. Had he chosen to earn his living primarily, and write when he could, it would have taken him at least twenty years to produce the same amount of work. Since he was to die at thirty-eight it is better that he chose to crowd himself. If he had to depend somewhat on family, friends, and acquaintances during that time, it was to no more an extent than do dipsomaniacs, paranoids, hypochondriacs, and black sheep in general. These give nothing in return. Wolfe gave the friendship of a rich personality, and an opportunity—as it turned out—to be partially responsible for some fine writing.

The Thomas Wolfe who emerges from these letters is a man fanatically concerned with the urge to write, consumed with the fire of literary creation, eager for "a hundred hands" to set down all he sees, thinks, and feels. He loves people, but, being an artist, he has to learn to live by himself, nourishing solitude because in its soil alone can his talent grow and express itself. So he turns back on his memories of gregariousness, to his childhood, to his family, to his home town of Asheville, North Carolina. No artist, however skilled, is as good an observer as a child, and to his childhood Wolfe went for the material he needed. The letters express his preoccupation with his early years, and with the consciousness that they were slipping away from him in time. He hates time, he fights it constantly, aware that it is carrying him back to the black womb of death from which he so shortly emerged.

Thomas Wolfe

> The golden years of my life are slipping by on stealthy feet [he writes] . . . there is a footprint in the dark, a bell strikes twelve, and the flying year has gone. My life is like water which has passed the mill; it turns no wheel. And all of which I thought myself a part drifts by like a painted picture. The great play is yet unwritten; the great novel beats with futile hands against the portals of my brain. Proud fool! I have eaten of the Lotus and dreamed on too deeply; the world is at me with its long fingers, and must have its payment. There is not time! If I but had a hundred years there might be some realization of my dream. But I shall not live so long; and shall my dust taste better than a peddler's, when the worms are at me?

Later, when "Look Homeward, Angel" had appeared, he settled to his task with some hope, but as words poured from him by the hundred thousand he began to tire, and realized that even his great strength was unequal to the task he had set for himself.

> Anyone who has never tried it, of course, thinks that writing is the easiest and laziest kind of work in the world, whereas it is really so much more exhausting, nerve-wracking and vitality consuming than any other kind of work I have seen or heard of that there is no comparison whatever.

In the introduction to the volume Mr. Terry, who is to be Wolfe's biographer, gives us an excellent sketch of Mrs. Wolfe, and relates her to her son in a way which adds much flavor to the letters themselves. He quotes also from the conversations he has had with Mrs. Wolfe in preparation for the biography, and these are charming and revealing. Mrs. Wolfe is like her son in many ways, and the traits which she gave to him in positive form have, it seems, remained with her in a negative, reflective way. It is no wonder that the two were devoted to each other, and that these letters were written with such affection and preserved with such devotion.

BUY BONDS

Don't Wear Them

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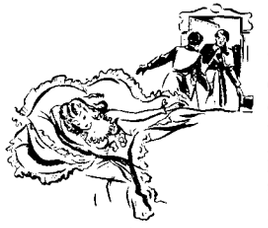
Strange as forbidden fruit...

ELEVEN NEW STORIES FROM THE MAGICAL PEN OF THE AUTHOR OF
SEVEN GOTHIC TALES

TURN to the first page of this extraordinary book and you enter a marvelous new world . . . a world grotesque and graceful, outrageous and unexpected . . . a world in which moments of naked beauty tumble like feathers over moments of jagged terror . . . where women move serenely if not always chastely across time that exists only in mirrors, while men pursue their fates like aston-

THE ELEVEN STORIES OF THIS VOLUME OPEN A NEW WORLD OF ENCHANTMENT AND ADVENTURE:



THE YOUNG MAN WITH THE CARNATION
Of a young man's adventure in Antwerp on a *rainy* night, and of how his invasion of a lady's room — not his wife's — led to a comforting dialogue with God about women and love.

THE PEARLS
Of a bride, and of the curious manner in which she made use of her necklace in order to teach her husband fear.

THE SAILOR-BOY'S TALE
Of a lad who killed a man rather than be late to meet his sweetheart, and of the yellow-eyed old Lapp woman who repaid him for having once saved a trapped falcon whose eyes also had been yellow.

THE INVINCIBLE SLAVE-OWNERS
Of two women linked by an unbreakable bond, and of how a young man who was in love with one thought he might undo the knot.

THE HEROINE
Of a group of prisoners taken as spies on the eve of 1870, and of how a lovely actress, who danced naked in Paris, saved them through her modesty.

THE DREAMING

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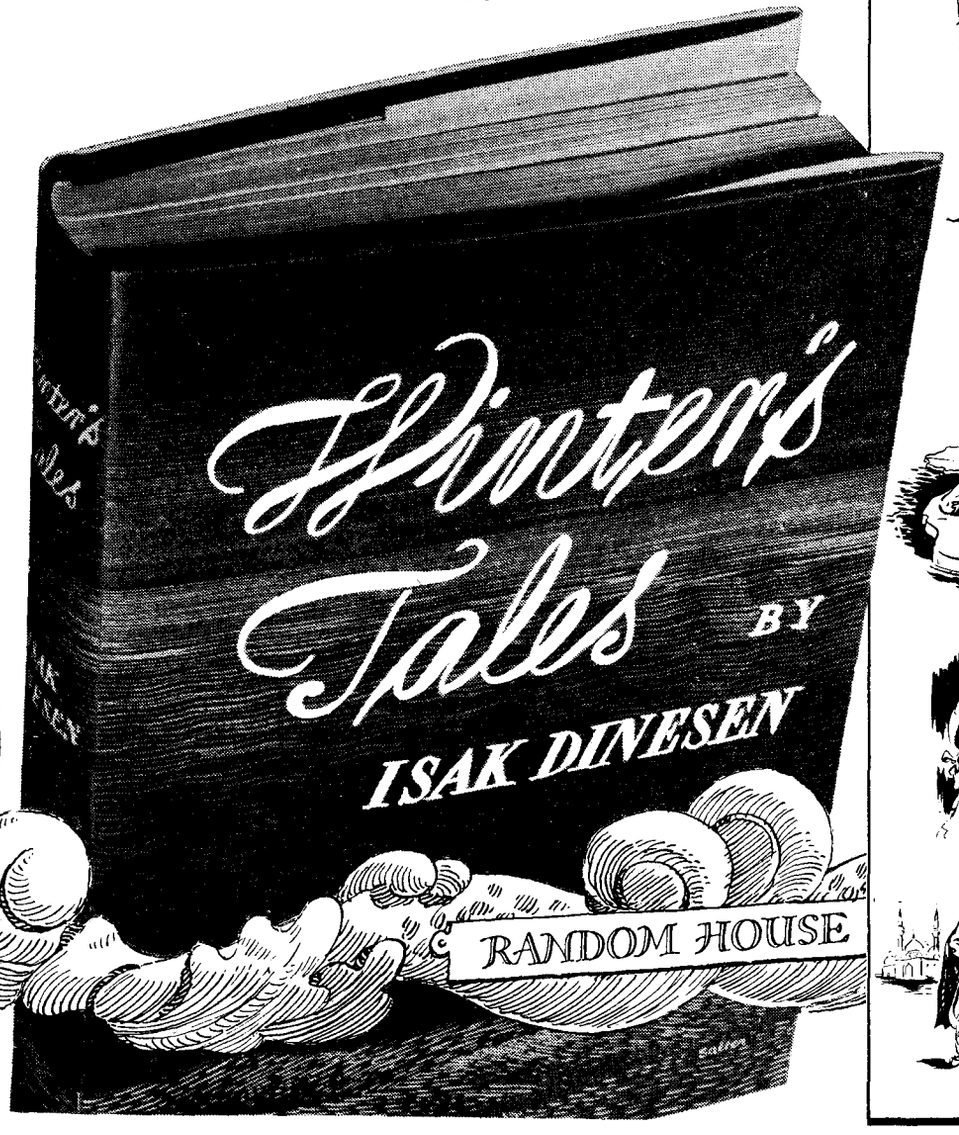
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY: "This is a book you have lived yourself in a dream . . . one of the most remarkable books that has ever delighted our committee."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "Isak Dinesen is the most original, the most perceptive, and perhaps the best living prose writer."



ining, he was able to confer a gift more substantial than truth.

ALKMENE
Of a girl, perverse and perhaps a little mad, who ran after the gypsies and found relief in witnessing a decapitation.

THE FISH
Of King Erik, who ruled over Denmark six centuries ago, and of what befell when the sea returned to him a lady's ring.

PETER AND ROSA
Of a season when the Spring came late, and of two young lovers, adrift on an ice-floe, who found a practical way of plucking ecstasy from death.

SORROW-ACRE
Of an old lord who essayed the role of a cruel god, and of how he was defeated by his victim and her son.

A CONSOLATORY TALE
Of a writer tormented by subtle doubts, and of how a tale of Persia, told in the ancient manner, helped him to attain clearer sight.

A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

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The Saturday Review
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WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH GERMANY?

THE time has come for a democratic people to discuss in forums, over the air, in books, and in the press, the problem of what to do with Germany. This discussion cannot now weaken our will to win or divide us from our allies. For many months we have had dinned in our ears the nature of the enemy. It is a matter of historical record that Adolf Hitler was willing to settle for nothing less than a globe which would revolve on his own Nazi axis. The futility of that nightmare as well as the inevitable retributive might of the nations he has attacked is being driven home in shattering volume to the German people who are as aware that the Nazi regime is living on borrowed time as they are certain that there will be a world-wide clamor for their punishment on a scale seldom equalled in history.

What shall we do with these people—the seventy or eighty millions of people of Germanic birth living in the heart of Europe? No one will deny that they are as industrious and as hard-working as any peoples in the world, or that they have the ability to make worthy contributions to invention and science, scholarship, music, literature. Are they, as many honestly believe, an incurable race who must be kept in chains, or even destroyed in some inconceivable mass slaughter, their youth emasculated so that the German name shall be obliterated from the world? Or shall we permit them to exist, but remove their vast industrial plants beyond their borders, breaking up their Reich into its component fragments, and leaving them half-starved agricultural nations of peasants and small traders? There is a kind of mad practicality about both of these projects, though for the accomplishment of the first we would ourselves have to become brutal murderers; and for the second, we would emerge as a master race enslaving a third of Europe.

This debate in which we are now to be engaged for many years to come finds expression of its complexity in this issue of *The Saturday Review,* in which several distinguished writers of different views argue the validity of Dr. Richard Brickner's thesis in his book "Is Germany Incurable?" But if Dr. Brickner is correct and Germans do suffer universally from that incurable mental disease called paranoia, our future problem becomes insoluble. How can we discuss the education for the four freedoms of millions of mad men and women who are incurably insane? If that were so, we should have to evolve a third scheme, turn the German lands into an all-embracing insane asylum and train whole armies of psychiatrists and psychoanalysts to follow our troops into Bedlam. Or, to be more scientific about it, we should have to devise some sort of clinic into which the patient would be invited or forced to come.

James Gow's and Arnoud d'Usseau's "Tomorrow the World," now playing to packed Broadway audiences, illustrates this theme in another way. A Nazi-refugee youth comes to live in the household of an enlightened and liberal professor. He is like a caged and snarling hyena, but in the last act he is conquered by love. The audience gasps and applauds the conquest of this adolescent monster and seems to accept, for the moment at least, the concept of twenty millions of German children cast in this fiendish mold.

There is a certain war hysteria in ideas and books of this nature, and, while the average man may accept them at the moment, they are not apt to penetrate too deeply. Light is created from all the colors of the spectrum and the blackness of night from colors laid on each other; so, too, nations are neither all black nor all white, wholly mad nor wholly sane. The truth is not in us now, nor can we reasonably expect it at a time when we are necessarily engaged in the business of killing. Peace planning must not be the exclusive concern of the scientist plunging into international affairs, nor of the pundit screaming his philosophy or his cure to the world. The farmer sitting on his porch in the cool of the evening, the worker resting after his day or night in the factory may perhaps have a sound idea of what to do with a race of men gone berserk. When we have at last conquered Germany and invaded it—and, when we ourselves cool off a bit—we will have to cope with the problem of feeding it, of protecting it from anarchy and dissolution, of protecting German men, women, and children from the murderous hatreds they themselves have aroused—and, not least, protecting them from the knives that will be ready for their throats. The job, obviously, is to free millions for a new life—a life that will never again be turned towards universal destruction. Which means that ours is the responsibility—for our own good even more than for theirs—to see that such madness may not crystallize again. This time, when the bells ring for another Armistice Day, we must not fall into a lethargy and indifference that will not only make possible but indeed will court another disaster. H. S.

Chicory Blue

By George Abbe

CHICORY BLUE, mist of the last, late dream,
Blue of our longings, foam of forgotten waves,
Color of hot June sky when the tree engraves
Eternal shadow on the water's gleam.

This is the blue that the heart remembers forever,
Without quite knowing what it can't forget.
This is the spice of loves that we never met,
The essence of hope, the vague and the secret endeavor,
Captured in color, in beauty forever set.

Pale as the smoke of fall and yet vivid as dusk,
Flower most haunting:—promises sure to be kept—
Like seed under mold and sweetness under the husk—
Yet also the days of despair and the nights when we wept.

Cross to the open field. See, over the grass,
Under the morning wind the chicory runs,
As calm and as cool as the curving sky of glass,
As quick and warm as the heart of a million suns.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Gideon Planish" and A. R. St. J.

SIR:—I was greatly amused by reading Adela Rogers St. Johns's letter (*SRL*, May 8th) in which she tears both SRL and Howard Mumford Jones to pieces for the latter's review of "Gideon Planish." But what shocks me is Mrs. St. Johns's admission that to her the name of Howard Mumford Jones is unfamiliar! Incidentally it would be fun to see what Mr. Jones would say if he were to review some of Mrs. St. Johns's Hollywood stories . . . Please put me on the record as one of the staunch admirers of *Trade Winds*.

J. C. DIENISIO.

Stockton, California.

SIR:—Adela Rogers St. Johns states that she depends on *The Saturday Review* for absolute direction of her reading tastes. She states also that the name of Howard Mumford Jones, whom she attacks with vehemence, is unknown to her. I have no desire to partake in the debate regarding the literary merit of Sinclair Lewis's new book but I do wonder just how Miss St. Johns could have missed seeing the name of your reviewer if she reads your magazine with any thoroughness at all. Perchance she only notes the names of reviewers when she disagrees with what they have to say.

JEAN M. JACKSON.

San Francisco, California.

SIR:—For the information of Adela Rogers St. Johns, who I understand writes articles on Hollywood's Great for movie magazines, Howard Mumford Jones is one of Harvard University's most distinguished and capable professors of English.

Professor Jones, who has also taught brilliantly at Michigan, North Carolina, and other universities, is the author of the best work of its kind on French culture in early America. He is an authority on English and American literature, and his course at Harvard on American writing from 1870 to 1910 is a model of original research, fresh interpretation, scholarship, and wit. Offhand, I should say that Professor Jones is one of the most popular and famous teachers in the country.

Howard Mumford Jones's independent, forthright reviews are the best thing in the *SRL* next to Bennett Cerf's delightful column, I think. Can it be that Miss St. Johns resents Jones's failure to agree with her?

SERRELL HILLMAN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR:—I predict that Howard Mumford Jones is going to have a lot of fun with the letter from Adela Rogers St. Johns. But I hope he doesn't mind my dealing with her first paragraph; after all, there are ten of 'em.

When I studied English grammar I learned that the comparative of an adjective was usually formed by prefixing the word "more." Now Miss St. Johns tells us right off that she is a "consistent reader"; if she is a consistent thinker she will admit that a thing has to be sound before it can be "sounder," and accurate before it can be "more accurate." Thus the review of Mr. Jones's becomes by her own admission sound and accurate. But, says she, "I have a right to a sounder and more accurate review."

Well, maybe she has. After all, she is a dreadfully eminent writer.

JAMES WHARTON.

Weems, Va.

SIR:—You sure are raising hell with literary criticism in this country . . . letting an unknown like Howard Mumford Jones review a book for Adela Rogers St. John.

MILTON H. ANDRUS.

Collbran, Colorado.

SIR:—I am writing to express my agreement with Adela Rogers St. Johns in her letter about Mr. Jones and his recent expression of opinion about Mr. Sinclair Lewis and in particular "Gideon Planish."

Many thanks to *SRL* for giving both sides.

JAMES OLIVER BROWN.

Alexandria, Virginia.

"Our editorial writer believes there's nothing like legal advice while writing what he thinks."

"The New Profession"

SIR: Because of the importance that the counsel on public relations has assumed in recent years, it seems to me necessary to point out a serious weakness in "The New Profession" by Averell Broughton.

The work purports to give the history, background, scope, and function of public relations as a profession. Yet, surprisingly enough, the author either intentionally or through ignorance of his subject, aside from the mere mention of the name, omits a consideration of the individual who has possibly done more to establish the profession than anyone else—Edward L. Bernays.

Twenty years ago, as a matter of fact, Horace Liveright published the first book on the subject, "Crystallizing Public Opinion," by Edward Bernays. At that early time Mr. Bernays plotted out the character and possibilities of the profession. The value of his accomplishments was speedily recognized in publications which Mr. Broughton has either overlooked or ignored. Stanley Walker, for instance, said in "City Editor":

> It has been the custom to hold up Ivy Lee as the greatest example of what a newspaper man may do when he enters upon publicity work . . . but it is probable that Bernays is the more important as an American phenomenon. He is more of a psychologist than Lee.

Henry Pringle, in an article, "Mass Psychology," in *The American Mercury*, February 1930, refers to Bernays as "the famous public relations counsel," and devotes eight pages to evaluating his contributions to the American scene. John T. Flynn published an article in *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1932, in which he gives credit to Bernays for developing the field of public relations. Time has named Mr. Bernays U. S. Publicist No. 1.

These facts, I think, should be brought before the student of public relations so that he may have a fair chance to know the subject as a whole. Any work that omits the story of Mr. Bernays's achievements is, to my mind, largely valueless.

BERNARD SOBEL.

New York, N. Y.

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A Contemporary American Composer

CHARLES T. GRIFFES. By Edward M. Maisel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 344 *pp. with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS MOORE

THE American composer up to now has largely escaped the streamlined, hard-hitting art of the contemporary biographer which has served up such figures as Wagner, Brahms, and Beethoven with sauce hot enough to tempt the most jaded appetite. As a matter of fact, with the exception of MacDowell and Gershwin, few of our composers of serious achievement have been popular enough to warrant similar treatment.

Charles T. Griffes, however, besides composing a number of works which are widely performed and admired, is the hero of a legend, the unappreciated genius, starving in a garret (in this instance the Hackley School for Boys in Tarrytown, New York), and his story with certain romantic embellishments is better known even than his music. Mr. Edward M. Maisel in his spirited biography seeks not to demolish but to strip the legend of its exaggerations and to portray this talented and tragic figure against a harsh American background. In his preface he is severe with writers and commentators who have garbled the facts, and in the diligently prepared body of the text he presents the true story of the composer's unhappy life.

Unfortunately the somewhat intemperate tone of the preface is maintained throughout the work and results in a biography which although eulogistic is generally unsatisfactory to Griffes's friends and admirers and which falls short of convincing the unprejudiced reader as to the attractiveness of the subject. The shy and sensitive musician, doomed by environment and by his own temperament to a life of spiritual isolation, yet courageously espousing the new and the untried without artistic compromise to win at the end of his brief thirty-five years a widespread recognition, bespeaks a gallantry which is immensely appealing. But Mr. Maisel by overstatement both of the handicaps which Griffes encountered and the importance of his achievement weakens his case.

It is true that the American composer usually has a difficult time interesting publishers in his works if they are outside the conventional mold and usually encounters apathy and pessimism on the part of the critics, but a great deal of American music of good quality including most of Griffes's has been published and to say that music critics are or were venal by and large is unfair and absurd. And why object to suggestions made by editors employed by publishers? Such suggestions are not necessarily ill-informed or less helpful than those apparently acceptable from other musicians. The characterization of the Sonata for Piano as "the first major utterance in American music" is sophomoric. Must every good American work be hailed as the true beginning of our national art? There must be an end of the beginning some time.

The shortcomings of Mr. Maisel's biography do not prevent it from being absorbing reading. He has collected a substantial amount of material, much of it interesting and all of it vividly presented. One does not have to be an enthusiast about the type of post-impressionistic music which was Griffes's chief characteristic to find his story a fascinating picture of what can happen to a sensitive musical imagination in the hurly-burly of twentieth century American civilization.

Gold Was Mike's Business

KLONDIKE MIKE. By Merrill Denison. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1943. 393 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

STORIES of the Klondike gold rush have a strange new pertinence today. In this land where Americans once endured incredible hardships in the race for gold, American soldiers are setting up supply lines to Alaska and the North Pacific theatre of war. Across the bleak summit of Chilkat Pass the United States Army Engineers are cutting the Haines Military Road. In the rocky valleys near Carcross and Atlin and Whitehorse, regiments of American troops are completing the 1,630-mile Alaskan Highway.

Mike Mahoney was one of the fabulous men who trekked into this fabulous region nearly half a century ago. He was looking for gold, along with thousands of other *cheechakoes.* Mike found gold principally because he was young enough and strong enough to cross the mountain passes ahead of the rest of the mob. He beat up the bouncers in Soapy Smith's crooked gambling parlors in Skagway and he lugged a piano over the Chilkoot's dreadful heights on his back. This courage and endurance made him a success in the gold fields.

He found a fortune and lost it, and made another fortune again. When he came down to Skagway with his sled loaded with gold dust, men crowded around seeking his advice and assistance and women offered him their bodies and their savings to take them back to the Klondike.

Merrill Denison, in his story of Klondike Mike Mahoney, has captured the spirit and atmosphere of an amazing period in the history of North America. Mahoney knew Jack London and Robert W. Service and Tex Rickard and others whose names epitomize the Yukon and the Klondike. He blazed the mountain trail from Fairbanks to Valdez. He outdistanced wolves on the tundra and he could mush eighty miles from dawn to sunset. He was the toughest guy in the Arctic.

Today Mike Mahoney is still alive, a successful Canadian business man. But gold is no longer the main business of the Klondike. The dredges have virtually stopped. Men and equipment are needed for business more urgent — the business of war. The Klondike is now the route to our allies in Russia and China and to our enemies in Japan. The Alaskan Highway penetrates the Yukon now. Mike Mahoney's life has spanned the transition.

Mr. Denison's story of Klondike Mike is vivid and fast-moving but essentially superficial. There is little analysis of the background of the gold-seekers, of their eventual destiny, of what the hysteria of the gold rush did to Alaska and the Yukon. But for anyone who wants to know about the hardships and adventures of the old Yukon, this is the best book in many years. It is ideal background for reading about the construction of the Alaskan Highway.

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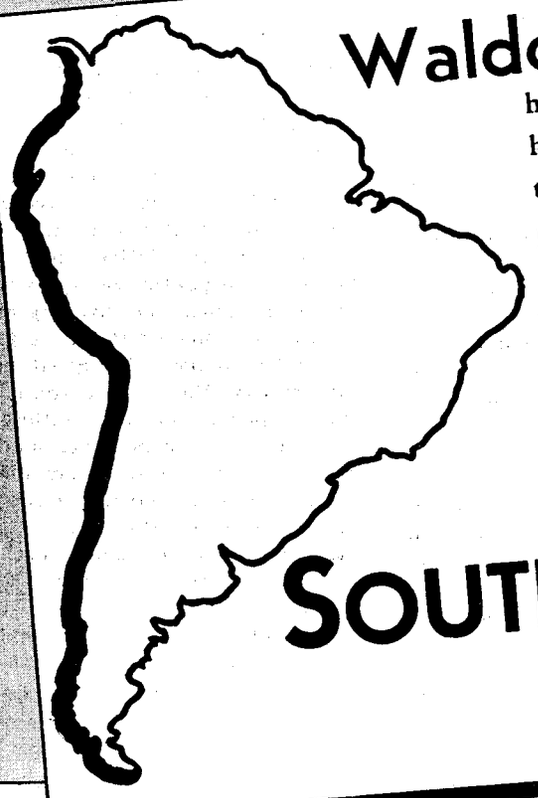

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Don't miss the "*Imperative*" book *One World* by Wendell Willkie, published by Simon and Schuster.

DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE, NEW YORK

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TRADE Winds

SOME MONTHS AGO the Dial Press announced that Molly Thayer was polishing up an autobiography of Mme. Wellington Koo for publication, a nugget of information about which a surprising number of people cared nothing whatever. Then, on the very eve of publication, came the dramatic flash that the book had been suppressed, with the urgent request that reviewers and booksellers return their advance copies forthwith. The result, as any amateur student of psychology could have predicted, was a veritable stampede to get hold of a copy of the book. Most stores made believe they never had received the notice, and the only reviewer in the whole country who sent back his copy was a punctilious gent on *The Atlantic Monthly*. It appears that Mme. Koo, whose husband is Chinese Ambassador to Great Britain, made a number of indiscreet revelations concerning the goings-on of her wealthy father and a fleet of nineteen streamlined concubines, and piped in general a tune that was considered too frivolous for times like the present. The Koo family feared repercussions in protocol-bound diplomatic circles, and is cheerfully defraying full costs of the destruction of what copies the publishers can lay their hands on, plus revision of the text from beginning to end. The book will be reissued in four or five weeks. Meanwhile, the Dial Press is doing plenty of Kooing, but no billing. . . .

A NOTEWORTHY DEVELOPMENT in the book business is the diminishing importance of the annual Pulitzer Prize Awards. Time was when a Pulitzer novel award brought orders for ten thousand copies and more in the ensuing fortnight. Today a publisher with one eye on the box-office would cheerfully swap a Pulitzer citation for a plug by Winchell on his Sunday night broadcast. . . . The hullabaloo over "The Fifth Seal" vanished more quickly than a group of picnickers in a summer thunderstorm. Consensus is that nobody covered himself with glory in this altercation, and that a lot of valuable ammunition was wasted on a moo cow. What annoyed me in particular was the spectacle of a lot of people equally devoted to an all-out effort to win the war and the peace that follows it squabbling bitterly among themselves while all the dreary old Soviet-baiters cackled with delight on the sidelines. Next time, left-wing organizations may take the trouble to read a book before they begin circulating petitions to withdraw it. . . .

STERLING NORTH leaves *The Chicago News* on July 1 to become book review editor of *The New York Post*. His new page will be syndicated throughout the country. One of the biggest papers on the Pacific Coast has already contracted for it; also, a morning sheet not more than a hundred miles from New York. David Appel, who has been doing a crackerjack job in Cleveland, will step into North's old station in Chicago . . . . And that idle line I ran about Montgomery Ward dreaming up a book club to compete with Sears Roebuck turned out to be an accidental bullseye. Some publishing bigwigs moseyed out to Chicago and are discussing possibilities with Ward executives at this very moment. . . . It's getting so that a guy who doesn't belong to at least two book clubs won't have the nerve to show his face in a respectable subway train!

THE REDE LECTURE at Cambridge this year will be delivered by Sir Max Beerbohm, who has taken Lytton Strachey for his subject. There will be a small edition of the address in book form, but it will be worth a collector's life to get hold of a copy on this side. . . . E. Arnot Robertson, whose "Four Frightened People" is one of this department's favorite books, is readying a new novel called "The Signpost." Time: the present; place: Ireland. . . . Ernie Pyle's colorful dispatches from the Tunisian front will be woven into a book called "With the Yanks in Africa," and published by Holt in July. Drew Middleton, star correspondent of *The New York Times*, will write a more serious history of our African campaign. Any other books on the same subject will have a sweet time competing with a double barrage of this calibre! . . . Frank Taylor, of Hamilton College and Reynal and Hitchcock, has rounded up good old Samuel Hopkins Adams, of Hamilton College and "Revelry" and "Flaming Youth," to write the "Life and Times of Alexander Woollcott," of Hamilton College and the Wide, Wide World. Furthermore, Joe Hennessey is gathering a volume of Woollcott's letters for publication by Viking, who also plan a last volume of stray Woollcottian prose in the "While Rome Burns" manner. Meanwhile, "The Man Who Came to Dinner" is available in a Pocket Book edition. . . .

HORATIO SMITH submits the following interesting report on publishing in Occupied France today:

"New and important French books continue to come out in Paris! A dramatic record of some 500 of these, published in 1940, 1941, 1942, has appeared in New York in the April issue of the *Romanic Review* (Columbia University Press). The information has been gathered and presented by Professor Henri Peyre of Yale.

"It is clear that these works are inspired by a mighty resolve to hold fast to the great French tradition of liberal culture. Titles and authors' names are a guarantee of the seriousness of purpose. The invading enemies [explains Professor Peyre] did not at the outset oppose this great publishing activity; the Nazis actually hoped that by permitting non-political books the French might be given some illusion of freedom. But Frenchmen have not been duped. And they have simply turned back to their classics, their moralists of other ages, their great poets and thinkers, not for escape but to prepare for their future, to keep in constant touch with the permanent spiritual values of their nation.

"The courage, vigor, determination of these Frenchmen may well bring tears to the eyes. Tears of confidence. There is a resiliency here, full of magnificent promise for the future of France." . . .

MEANWHILE, Russia has marked the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of Maxim Gorki by publishing a handsome new edition of his writings. Since the Revolution, the Soviet Union announces that it has circulated more than forty-one million copies of Gorki's works! . . . And in Chungking, work has begun on a translation of the entire Encyclopedia Britannica into Chinese. This "colossal undertaking" is expected to require several years. . . .

FULL-LENGTH books about comic-strip characters are becoming quite the thing. Holt announces a book by Crockett Johnson about his appealing little character Barnaby. Helga Lund is working on a novelization of Blondie and Dagwood, and somebody else is making a book out of "Terry and the

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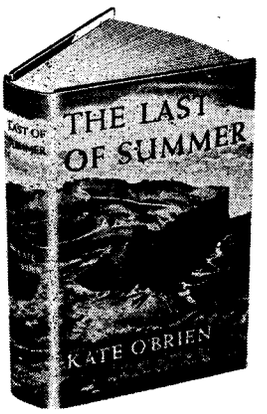
"Well, I guess I'll curl up with a bound copy of the Missouri Legislative Manual for 1934."

Pirates." "The Adventures of Superman," published last Fall, is in its eightieth thousand. . . . Which reminds me of a humiliating moment suffered recently on a "Battle of the Sexes" radio broadcast. Tom Coward, Ray Bond, and I were pitted against Mme. Litvinoff, Emily Kimbrough, and Helen Reilly. The first question dished up to me by Walter O'Keefe, the glib master of ceremonies, was "Name the sweetheart of Joe Palooka." How in heck is a book publisher supposed to know a thing like that? Anyhow, Tom Coward knew what "Gee" and "Haw" meant when whispered into the shell-pink ear of a donkey, Ray Bond displayed a Kieranesque familiarity with Shakespeare, and the males triumphed, 165 points to 40. . . .

LITTLE, BROWN's "Exploring the Dangerous Trades," by Dr. Alice Hamilton, reveals the true origin of the phrase "mad as a hatter." Dr. Hamilton explains that mercury is used in the making of felt hats, and the poison resulting from its use over a period of years eventually caused the unfortunate victims' muscles to jerk violently and involuntarily. The hatters' friends drew false conclusions. . . . Robert Briffault, in his novel "Europa," declares that the origin of mourning lay not in a desire for the bereaved to show sorrow over the loss of the departed, but in a desperate attempt to prevent the ghosts of said departed from haunting them in the days that followed. They figured that by dressing completely in black, they might escape the attention of presumably near-sighted ghosts entirely. . . . If you crave still more fascinating information, Bruce Bairnsfather, creator of Old Bill and "The Better 'Ole," explains the origin of the little row of buttons on the sleeves of men's coats. It appears that His Majesty's troops in the old days didn't take very enthusiastically to the notion of wiping their noses on handkerchiefs, when a good sleeve served the same purpose. Buttons were added to the sleeve of the uniforms to introduce a keen element of hazard into this unfortunate procedure—and the custom stuck. . . . Mr. Bairnsfather, incidentally, will soon have another book ready, and high time too! It's a Putnam publication called "Jeeps and Jests," a record of our boys in Northern Ireland and Africa. One cartoon shows Old Bill confabbing with an M. P., and declaring, "Yus, mate. I got a cousin in Dublin, Mrs. Mullagatawny. Got two sons. One in the British Army, one a Nazi spy. Both doin' very well, I believe." . . .

MARC CONNELLY is still sulking because I cited that tired old gypsy story as having actually happened to him, when all he did was to repeat it to me at a cocktail party. Now he's worried that I'll credit him with the authorship of the mot "A happy Birthington's Washday to you," reminding me sharply that he prefaced it with "as my father remarked for forty years." . . . If I could only learn Max Schuster's habit of jotting everything down on a little slip of colored paper! . . . And my Uncle Herbert in Vermont writes frantically to know if I have heard about the moron who walked through a screen door and strained himself. . . . The answer is "No." . . .

BENNETT CERF.



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knows the most extraordinarily charming Irish people, and writes novels about them that are as refreshing as the lakes of Killarney. Other Irish women's stories have a few unattractive characters to cast a kind of gloom on the whole, but not Kate O'Brien's. Her people are as beautiful as the dawn, they speak not with a brogue but with pure Gaelic, and they swim along in a kind of charm that leaves a silver coating over everything they touch."

—Chicago *Tribune*

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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A Fictionized Biography of Mrs. Lincoln

MR. LINCOLN'S WIFE. By Anne Colver. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 406 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

DURING recent years the historical novel and the fictionized biography have come of age. Based on solid research, well written, and adult in their handling of psychological problems, they have grown far away from their naive predecessors of a generation ago. We have learned to expect of them the same careful scholarship that is put into a standard history or biography.

It is with something of a shock that one encounters this fictionized biography of Mrs. Lincoln, for it is filled with factual errors and is superficial and deliberately evasive in its interpretation. Few American families have been studied as minutely as Lincoln's; a day-by-day chronology records every move; letters, reminiscences, and elaborately documented biographies present a wealth of data. Three generations of scholarship have built up a vast Lincoln literature. It is reasonable to suppose that an author approaching the subject would make good use of it.

Miss Colver, wherever possible, avoids tying her narrative down to exact dates and facts, but when she does she is often wrong. She refers to Ninian Edwards's niece Matilda as a Maryland girl who returned home to marry a man named Ramsey. Actually, Matilda Edwards came from Alton, Illinois, and became Mrs. William Strong. Such statements as: "There was the birth of Willie to remember, and only a few weeks later, the terrible night when they had watched little Edward die," are indicative of the author's reckless handling of easily checked facts, for, as any chronology of Lincoln will show, little Edward had been dead for nearly a year when Willie was born. Stephen Douglas is made to appear at a White House party during the last week of April, 1861, when he was in Illinois on the mission for Lincoln that led to his death early in June.

There are many such errors, but they are admittedly less serious than Miss Colver's curiously evasive treatment of the major emotional crises in her subject's life. Mary Todd Lincoln was an exceedingly complex person who eventually became psychopathic. To understand her and to assay properly her influence upon her husband's career calls for an honest presentation of all the known evidence. "The fatal first of January, 1841" that played such an important part in Lincoln's relationship to the woman who was to become his wife is glossed over and quickly disposed of. The Lincoln-Shields duel, which was largely instrumental in bringing about the reconciliation that led to marriage, is not even mentioned. The terrible scene when Lincoln pushed his wife out of the house and cursed her is ignored. When the Lincolns left Springfield for the last time, Mrs. Lincoln did not go to the train but joined the President-elect's party the next day at Indianapolis. Henry Villard says that she was left behind in the Chenery House in a fit of rage because her husband had refused to make a federal appointment that she demanded of him. Miss Colver says nothing: she has Mrs. Lincoln appear at Indianapolis and suppresses the whole revealing incident. Mrs. Lincoln's display of insane jealousy toward General Ord's wife at City Point in March, 1865, is similarly omitted.

These were events that were crucial in the life of the strange, mentally twisted woman who was Abraham Lincoln's wife. To ignore them is to touch only superficially on a career that requires deep understanding and great psychological insight. Fictionized biographies are still looked down upon by many people. The prejudice against them will not be lessened by the publication of a book that is undistinguished as fiction and unacceptable as fact.

The Story of Isaac Thomas Hecker

CELESTIAL HOMESPUN: The Life of Isaac Thomas Hecker. By Katherine Burton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1943. 393 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

FATHER HECKER was, with Orestes A. Brownson, the most distinguished convert (at least on the intellectual plane) from transcendentalism to Roman Catholicism; and he is furthermore important as the founder of the Paulist Fathers, a wholly American missionary order. No thorough life of him has been written. The earliest biography, by Father Walter Elliott, was, in the wrong sense, a pious life; the official "documented" life by the Paulist order has not yet appeared; and the only biographical study that is both thorough and clear, so far as I know, is "The Early Years of Isaac Thomas Hecker (1819-1844)," by the Rev. Vincent F. Holden, C.S.P. (1939). There is ample room both among the devout reading public and among students of American cultural development for a brilliant book on a man customarily thought of as a leader in the heresy of "Americanism" condemned by Leo XIII in 1899 in a letter to Cardinal Gibbons. This biography Mrs. Burton seeks to supply.

"Celestial Homespun" follows a biographical pattern that is always a little baffling to the critical. It is a book cast in the form of fiction, giving both thoughts attributed to the subject, and conversations that he held, or should have held, with important persons around him. These thoughts and this conversation are supposed to be based on a formidable degree of research, and to be as nearly "authentic" as a combination of artistic imagination and scholarly caution can make them. The difficulty seems to me this: if one is going to so much trouble, why not go one step farther and write a biography of real use to the student? As it is, we have to take Mrs. Burton's entire book on faith.

A second difficulty arises. The biographer is not necessarily expert as a novelist; yet the conversations, the situations, and the thoughts have to be managed with fictional adroitness and dramatic point. I cannot say that Mrs. Burton has quite mastered the trick. Her people all talk alike, whether they are Henry Thoreau, Cardinal Barnabo, Amos Bronson Alcott, or the Pope. And they are so bent on being conversational that they do not, as it were, exchange ideas. One learns more about Father Hecker's intellectual convictions from Father Holden's study of his early years than one does from all of Mrs. Burton's rather flat pages.

On the other hand, the book is pleasant reading; and in the struggle for Father Hecker at Rome against the authorities of the Redemptorist order, a struggle in depicting which Mrs. Burton tends to drop her conversational method for straight narrative, we have real conflict and a sense of important drama. Otherwise, the book seldom rises to real insight, either into crucial historical event or into personality and character. Her transcendentalists are mostly "confused" because they are not Catholics; and for her Catholics, life is always simple, clear, and devout. One may honor the generous altruism of Father Hecker and the Paulist order, and yet find in their founder a more complex and troubled nature than this author permits us to see.

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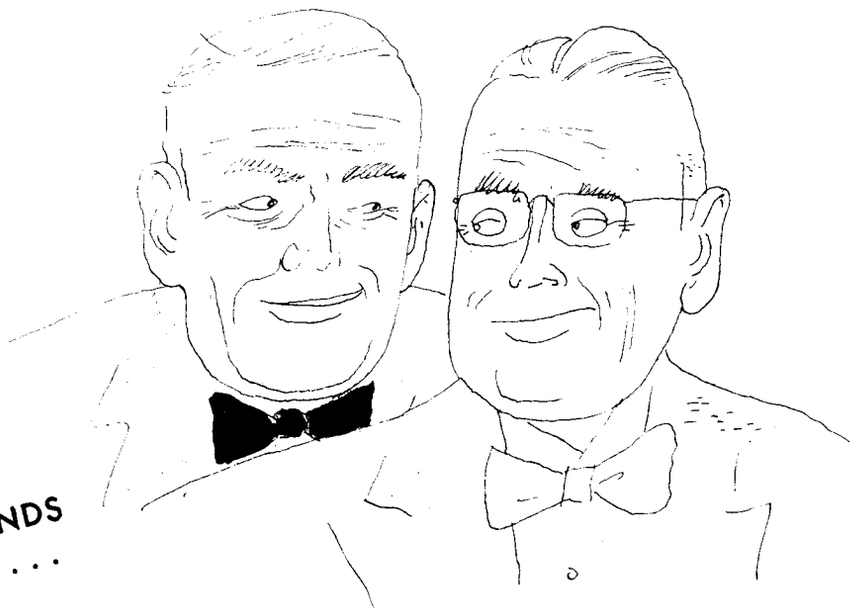

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A New Weidman

THE LIGHTS AROUND THE SHORE. By Jerome Weidman. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 279 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WALLACE STEGNER

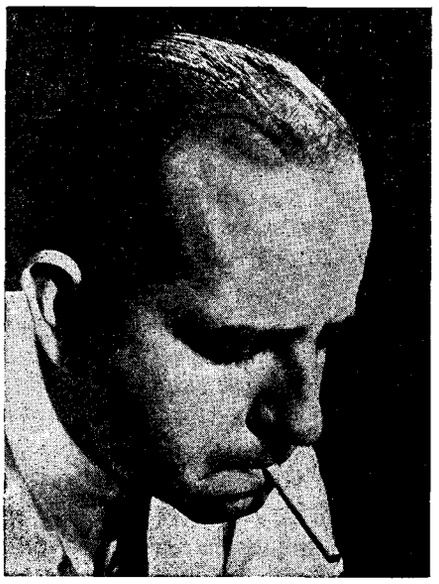
IT is not precisely clear what Jerome Weidman is trying to *say* in his latest novel, but it seems clear what he is trying to *do*. He is trying to get out of the hard-boiled habit and write another kind of fiction.

By following Peter Landor, fifteen-year-old high school boy, through a trip to France with his Aunt Fini, and by injecting into the rather slow-paced narrative numerous perplexing and mysterious developments, including Fini's marriage to a rat named Kurt Galois, Mr. Weidman seems to request our presence at the growing-up of an adolescent. Peter is assisted in his exploration of the terrifying adult world by two refugees from a B picture—Madame Margot, profane and voluble and cynical and shrewd and golden-hearted dress designer, a Tugboat Annie in a fox scarf; and Hank Marcher, reporter for *The Paris Herald-Tribune,* who seems to have modeled his life partly on a Hemingway hero and partly on movies like *Foreign Correspondent.*

Aunt Fini's lover, whom she has been working to marry for her entire six years in America, turns out to be a prize rat, though not, one should say in deference to Mr. Weidman's change of style, the kind who can get it for you wholesale. Fini, after hiding her activities for years, deceiving Peter about their boat's destination, running off and leaving him in a Paris hotel, and generally mystifying everybody, including the reader, not only about what she is doing but why she is being so mysterious about it, dies of peritonitis soon after the return to New York. The implication we are left with is that Peter's experiences in the dark adult world have matured him, given him a better insight into that world than his immigrant parents or his immigrant aunt. This means that the novel attempts to be a psychological study, an analysis of the underground in an adolescent boy.

But it isn't quite that. Peter never succeeds in being more than a bewildered and rather sullen youth. Fini's mysteries remain unmotivated, either in terms of her character or the necessities of her case. In the end the book resolves itself into an experiment in mystery, the injection of artificial suspense into a slow plot, full of bizarre characters and not-quite-likely coincidences.

"The Lights around the Shore" has



Jerome Weidman

the glitter, the surface skill, the slickness, the facile dialogue, the type characters, the running gags, and the essential emptiness of a better-than-average Hollywood performance. If it did not pretend to be a serious study of youth trying to discover itself in an uncertain and exploding world, no one would mind. As it is, one cannot avoid the feeling that Mr. Weidman has moved out of the back room, but that he hasn't got far from Sunset Boulevard. The ease with which this novel casts itself is a symptom. Being more skillful than most, Mr. Weidman leaves me wishing he would put his skill to something more solid.

Family Document

FATHER AND GLORIOUS DESCENDANT. By Pardee Lowe. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1943. 322 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PRESTON SCHOYER

MR. LOWE's book was, I suspect, written merely as an entertaining family document—a sort of Oriental "Life With Father." If this is so, it is eminently successful. It is in turn wise and witty, poignant and very funny; and its Chinese author has a charm of writing that raises his work above the average family portrait. If one doubts its humor, examine the chapter entitled "Father's Wildcat Soup." Father needed a tonic, so said Grandfather, and Wildcat Soup was just the thing. A wildcat was purchased—Chinese shops are wonderful places—and secured in the cellar, much to the distress of a little German tailor who lived there. On a day determined propitious by a local soothsayer the wildcat was dispatched by means of drowning in the family bathtub, and a broth was prepared. Father, Stepmother, and Grandfather ate it with relish. That night they tossed sleeplessly and all suffered nosebleeds. Grandfather was triumphant. The experience, he declared, was evidence that the wildcat's vitality was bubbling in their veins—Father was cured!

But the book has an importance beyond entertainment. Its author,

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL. . . .

Do you remember these little girls whom you first met in the world of books? Allowing 5 points for each one you can call by name, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 32.

1. She thought herself the wickedest creature in the world—and was proud of it.
2. A persistent optimist, she invented the "glad game."
3. She had an aversion toward *arachnida araneida.*
4. A welfare administrator, she herself was met by a wolf at the door.
5. She dwelt among the untrodden ways beside the springs of Dove.
6. She broke a hunger strike by eating six pomegranate seeds.
7. Her song altered the lives of several persons.
8. She kept house for seven miners.
9. Most delicate and saintly of four sisters, she died young.
10. She lived in the Swiss Alps with her grandfather.
11. Her excessively tiny feet trod the path to success.
12. A trusting soul, she followed the directions on every package with surprising results.
13. This blonde burglar went to sleep on the job.
14. She was a most inefficient shepherdess.
15. Her brow was like a snowdrift, and her throat was like a swan's.
16. A most obedient little girl, she was fond of weeping and of her doting papa.
17. After a happy Christmas day, this little invalid died in her sleep.
18. Among her friends were a tin woodman, a cowardly lion, and a scarecrow.
19. Her job was to wash the dishes, dust, sweep, bake bread, and care for other children to earn her board-and-keep.
20. This golden-haired little tot toddled through the snow to take refuge with a friendless miser.

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"Glorious Descendant," is a very discerning Chinese, who presents with unusual clarity the life and mind of his people living in this country. In doing this he throws an unintentional light on a problem perplexing our best minds—can distrust and misunderstanding between races be dissipated to a point where they are no longer injurious to world peace and prosperity? What the light reveals is important to know. The Chinatown world of San Francisco that Pardee Lowe paints so well is a world apart. Though the Chinese have lived there for sixty years, their way of life is still alien to ours. This is partly our prejudice, partly their conservative clinging to ancient customs too foreign to be absorbed. As with the White Man in China, the gulf between Occident and Orient is too great; each holds to his native mores and looks forward to the day when he can go home to his native heath.

And yet Father bridged the gulf. Coming to this country an ignorant peasant boy from the far hills of Kwangtung, he remained to become a real American, and a good one. It was at times a very bitter struggle, but he held his course and as his years grew so did the veneration and respect heaped on his head both in and out of San Fransisco's Chinatown. He bridged the gulf through a sincere desire to be a good American, and a consequent distaste for the traditional customs of ancient China, with their elaborate ceremonials and time-consuming ritual —"Junk, old junk!" he said of them. But if he deserted Chinese custom, he clung to Chinese precept. He became an American by culture, but remained a Chinese by nature. In this accomplishment Father's life was a triumph. But Father was unusual, he was one in a thousand. His son, Glorious Descendant, went the whole way west and became an American by nature as well as by culture. This accident, though distressing to Father, does not rob Glorious Descendant of a contribution. He can still be an interpreter, as his book so ably demonstrates.

As case history for the doctors of post-war planning the book makes clear that the road to understanding and harmony between races is anything but easy, and yet it gives hope. While the mass will hold back, there will be Fathers and Glorious Descendants to ease the journey.

It's this hope and the step toward it in the warm understanding Mr. Lowe generates for his Chinese American countrymen that make his document significant. As for readers who are unconcerned with significance "Father And Glorious Descendant" is still delightful entertainment and can stand sturdily on that merit alone.

Marian and Nickie

THE WIND AND THE RAIN. By Joyce Horner. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 274 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

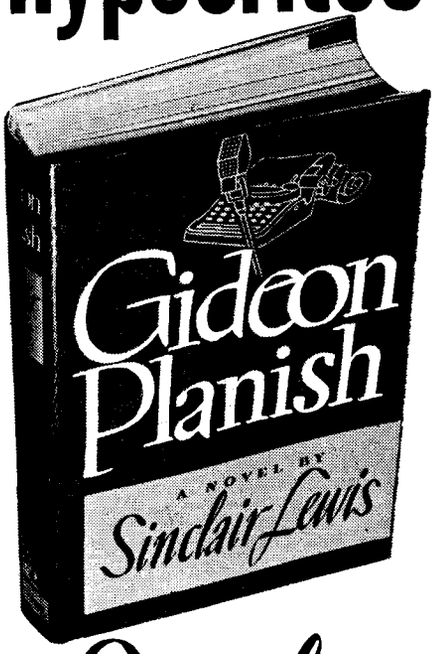
THIS is a brief novel of a woman's life, from the age of about fifteen, when she knew she loved her glamorous neighbor boy Nickie, to the day some twenty years and many heartaches later, when she found she could emancipate herself from her long obsession. A first novel, it is written with such quiet competence and such maturity of outlook, you wonder what sort of literary apprenticeship Miss Horner has served. A less honest and clear-minded writer would certainly have puffed the volume into a bulk of twice its size and would have had no trouble at all in impressing those who think a book can't have much to say if it can say it less than 900 pages and five pounds by weight.

Added to her gift for compression in space is her ability to see her narrative in such true perspective that incidents are not overplayed, plot and emotions are seldom forced, and the total impression given is that of some very wise person telling simply and directly an actual love story that had all the elements of fiction without ever being falsified for fiction's purpose.

Perhaps this comes about, not only because Miss Horner is the kind of writer she is, but because she has written about the kind of woman Marian Townsend is—a warm, natural, normal human being capable of love but neither frustrated nor embittered because she happened to fall in love with the wrong man. The book opens about 1920, when Marian, an adolescent in an English day school, finds herself mooning in Latin class and every other class about the erratic Nickie, the young exhibitionist who cared about nothing except acting but who could somehow make most people care about him. They are separated early in their acquaintance and go their different ways, but something remains between them, something that makes him turn to Marian when everything else seems to fail.

Perhaps there is nothing in the kind of virtues Miss Horner displays or in the plot she has chosen that makes for exciting reading, but they do make the kind of reading that wins the admiration and attention of those who want something more than a quick and superficial literary stimulant. They also make the kind of writing that will win for Miss Horner eager readers of her next book.

The book that has started a hot fire under the hypocrites



BY Sinclair Lewis

3 weeks after publication it is the #2 best seller on all fiction lists!

438 pages, $2.50

A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

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Near East Story

DELARAH. By Demetra Vaka. Chicago: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1943. 250 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BETTY WASON

NOW more than ever it is important that Americans gain an understanding of other peoples of the world, and to do this we must have some knowledge of the customs and traditions that have contributed to the thinking habits of whole populations. That's why when a book like Demetra Vaka's "Delarah" appears it is worthy of attention.

Miss Vaka has chosen two children, a Greek girl and a Turkish girl, to portray the essential differences between two peoples. The period is the early twentieth century. There is little plot to the story and it moves with a detachment of time and space which at first may make it seem part of another era. Yet this very quality reveals an underlying characteristic of the Near Eastern peoples. And the vivid picture of life in a Turkish harem of 1907 explains much about the Turkish people of today, their thoughts, attitudes, and complexities —for while Turkey has since tried to "westernize" itself, the past lingers on tenaciously.

In the early part of the story there is a quietness and serenity of mood; gradually the atmosphere resolves into one of tension and uncertainty, as the revolution of the Young Turks against the Sultan Abdul Hamid gathers momentum and violence. Through this incident, the author shows how the young Greek girl Alcmene has been schooled in self-reliance, whereas her Turkish companion Delarah had been so sheltered in the harem, with slaves to do her bidding from morning to night, that she is helpless when calamity comes.

Miss Vaka also points a lesson in good-neighborliness, by telling of the way the Greek parents overcome a reluctance to receive a Turkish child in their home, and grow to love not only the child Delarah herself, but to respect and like her father and other members of her family. Since the Floras family is living on a Turkish island (Prinkipo), and enmity between Turks and Greeks has been very bitter, the change in their attitude is a difficult one to achieve.

The author is herself of Greek blood, and born in Istanbul (Constantinople), so that she knows well the background for her delicate and charming story.

Demetra Vaka

Ohio Mining Town

EXPLOSION. By Francis Wallace. New York: William Morrow. 1943. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES SMYTH

A SMALL Ohio mining town is the setting of Mr. Wallace's novel, and the anthracite mine itself is the heart of his book. Like Delian Apollo, the mine is creator and destroyer. It gives life and sustenance to the town; when offended and angered, it gives death. It determines the shape of people's lives. The benefits derived from it, the dangers implicit in it constitute fixed poles. Between them, in continual reference to them, individuals work out their single patterns.

The individuals on whom Mr. Wallace concentrates form a small group. Except for Jim Craig, superintendent of the mine and a veteran of the First World War, the "young marrieds" of the town are the author's chief concern. Four couples, in particular, move in the foreground: all more or less newly-married, all dependent on the mine, all in the age group most liable to dislocation because of the war. Jim Craig's daughter and her bridegroom are the principals.

In the works of its plot Mr. Wallace's story never gets very far from the familiar and the expected. Similarly, his decision to make each of his people representative of a different *kind* of person has produced a collection of types rather than of individuals. But he has endowed the mine with all the life that his human beings lack, and those pages that deal with the explosion and the rescue operations tell with splendid sincerity and restraint the story of a conflict as terrible and real as any being waged with tanks and Fortresses.

H. Roark, Architect

THE FOUNTAINHEAD. By Ayn Rand. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1943. 754 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

MISS AYN RAND has written a novel of remarkable vigor and interest. 754 pages long, it is not a word too long for the things it has to say, and the reader will not find it flagging even in those pages where its passionate pleading leads it into logical confusion. The book has two main arteries of plot, either of which alone would sustain a novel of ample proportions. It is, first, a study of the profession of architecture, comparable in ideals and in satiric attack, if not in narrative skill, with Sinclair Lewis's novel of medicine, "Arrowsmith." Howard Roark is the touchstone by which Miss Rand tests his profession; beside his unfaltering integrity and genius one sees a variety of types of architect, dwarfed, in attitudes of incompetence, dishonesty, plagiarism, crassness. Probably it was a mistake to make him a genius. Arrowsmith, we remember, was a troubled human being in search of truth and science, and his light was not so bright but that we could see also many other persons, doctors, some good, some bad, but all clear and uniquely themselves. Roark is like the sun. It is difficult enough to see him, but to see anybody else afterward is impossible. The other architects are planets circling about Roark or crashing into him. He is real enough, which is tribute to Miss Rand's intensity of purpose and her mastery of the field. And if the others seem pale, they do

Ayn Rand

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behave as *dramatis personae,* media for a long and full discussion of architecture, its history and ideals.

But Roark, the dominant artist, holds also the second meaning of the book. He is a supreme and unanswerable egoist, and he enunciates a theory of social, or anti-social, civilization, that of the unbridled individualist, the only fountainhead of progress. Through him Miss Rand argues vehemently against any collectivist society, against any socialist form of organization, any kind of paternalism, which she calls the slave society. Roark cries out, at the end, "I do not recognize anyone's right to one minute of my life. Nor to any part of my energy. Nor to any achievement of mine . . . I am a man who does not exist for others . . . The world is perishing from an orgy of self-sacrificing." There is a confusion of values here which is mirrored in Roark's own headlong egoism throughout the book. Arrowsmith, we remember again, came out of his search with quite other conclusions, without having then to embrace collectivism. In revulsion against collectivism and dictatorship (and Miss Rand is confused further in coupling these two as though they cannot exist one without the other) Roark, and Miss Rand, leap into an abyss of conscienceless individualism. The point need not be argued further here. It is the flaw in Roark, who is a genius but not a great man. It is not necessarily a flaw in the novel, which takes him, we must grant, as its premise. The writing is strong, dramatic, everywhere intense and highly articulate. It will prove a pleasure to read.

A Sixteen-Year-Old Novelist

ARMY BRAT. By Tommy Wadelton. New York: Coward-McCann, 1943. 186 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

THERE are some things about this charming story which make the fact that its author is (or is said to be) sixteen years old seem incredible. There are other things which appear to confirm it. It is Tommy Wadelton's third published book, the first two, "My Mother is a Violent Woman" and "My Father is a Quiet Man," having attracted considerable attention which was not all conditioned by the author's age. "Army Brat" is the story of young Jim Tucker, born on a post in the Philippines to a red-blooded officer father and a delicate, lace-bosomed mother.

Young Jim's early days were spent in Oklahoma (Fort Sill), Kansas (Fort Riley), Texas (Marfa), and Georgia (Fort Oglethorpe). He grew up under the tutelage of his father's cook and house-boy, the Chinese Sui Jen. One of Young Jim's early recollections was of the disappearance from his life of the lovely creature who was his mother. There came a time when she no longer went riding or out to the pool with the rest of the post people but lay down for longer and longer periods and finally went on a visit somewhere. When that happened Young Jim had to go and stay with the mother of his friend Susie —called Missie Choosie by Sui-Jen—but he did not like it. One night he made his way home using neighborly and familiar ash barrels as a guide. In his father's lighted house he found his mother asleep with a baby on her arm and two candles burning by her bed. Neither she nor the baby ever woke up. Next day they were both carried out and away and Young Jim was left in the shadow of his father's whiskey bottle and in the light of Sui Jen's sunny nature.

Sui Jen became both mother and father to the child—told him Chinese fairy tales and dressed him, to the horror of the other officers' wives, in Chinese clothes. Young Jim never went to school until after he was ten and didn't like it at first. At sixteen he graduated from Baylor and Missie Choosie began to come back into his life where she remained happily forever after, in spite of West Point and Kelly Field and, later, China, where Young Jim, as an American flyer, went to avenge the wrong done to Sui Jen's people by the Japanese.

Sui Jen, you see, was really a Chinese gentleman in exile. If he seems more like the citizen of a day dream than a fellow countryman of Chiang Kai-Shek, it is all a part of Young Tommy Wadelton's gracefully creative dreaming. "Army Brat" is really a day dream, of the sort that children and even adults often use as an antidote to the toxic confusions of the world about them. It just happens that Tommy Wadelton is one of those rare creatures who seem to have no screen of admonishing sense between themselves and the tenderness of the world of their imaginations. It is because of this that his work seems both amazingly mature and surprisingly childlike. The maturity is in the ability to grasp the language and the equipment of the adult world and the childlike quality is in the ability to keep hold, at the same time, of the heightened sentiment and romantically uncritical enthusiasm of the days of at least relative innocence.

Coward-McCann Books

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—ROSEMARY C. BENÉT,
Book-of-the-Month Club News

Sweet Chariot

By FRANK BAKER

"One of those rare books that can call attention to the supernatural and lift one into another realm of thought, while at the same time it is done with both a sense of humor and humanity."—The Very Rev. Austin Pardue, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, Buffalo. $2.50

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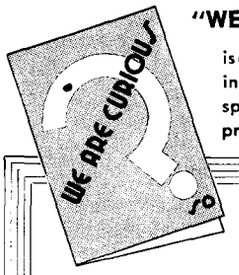

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Springs of the American Spirit

JACOB'S LADDER, The Days of My Youth. By Frank Kingdon. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1943. 312 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

THIS autobiography begins with a description of the London of Dickens's novels, and so fascinating a tale does Frank Kingdon weave out of this portion of his childhood that it is a disappointment when he wins a scholarship to the University College School and changes his accent from Cockney to Oxford. Such fine characters are his mother and father, his playmates, and the neighborhood folk who worship at the little Wesleyan Chapel near King's Cross Station, that it is a pity to leave them behind without putting into their history great deeds of derring-do and high tragedy and romance.

But Frank Kingdon has another purpose in recounting the years of his youth. He came to America when he was seventeen, and he has since that time been an ardent and devout expounder of the philosophy of democracy. "My only justification for presenting these pages," he says in a preface,

> is my hope that they may help to illuminate some of the springs from which the American spirit draws its strength. The immigrant is a fact of unique importance in our national life for most of us are descendents of comparatively recent immigrants, and many of us are ourselves newcomers. I think the plain story of why one boy came . . . may have value as a living comment on an influential phase of our national experience.

The fact that this particular boy was an English lad is meaningful. The reasons why Europeans of the poorer classes flocked to America are many and easy to understand. But England at the turn of the century seemed, to most Englishmen, a pretty good place to be. Frank Kingdon could have done rather well there, for a boy of his class. The causes which sent him away were ideological, not economic or legal.

As a child he saw the Royal Family going in coaches to the train at King's Cross Station. Queen Victoria was in the first carriage, a wrinkled, tiny old lady. Young Frank was disillusioned. He told his mother the queen looked like a washerwoman. His mother was shocked, and turned him over to his father for punishment. "Well," said Mr. Kingdon to his wife, "doesn't she?" Young Frank also saw the funeral of Victoria, the coronation procession of Edward VII and Alexandra, and Edward's funeral.

That day I ceased forever to be a Royalist. One should not look too closely upon majesty if thrones are to continue. George's skin was not clear, Wilhelm's arm was withered, Manuel's face was weak. Ferdinand's paunch was absurd. Alfonso was a Hapsburg caricature. . . . Solemnly I became a democratic man.

His new heroes were Theodore Roosevelt, who was in that procession, and Edison, whose discoveries were changing London overnight, putting the trams underground and brightening the streets at night. Young Frank saw the lamplighter make his last round. He marked the day that Bleriot flew the channel. He was amazed that public men paid so little attention to this deed, and did not alter their policy of isolation. Everybody talked about the coming war with Germany, as if there *was* no way to prevent it. "The ruling classes were convicted in my mind of both exploitation and stupidity. . . . This whole England had no imagination to match the happenings which were every day proving too much for her . . . Was there any country in the world where the new age was compatible?"

America was the answer. He had a young friend, a minister, in Maine. He had himself decided to be a minister, but one who interpreted, "Religion as affirmation of life, not denial of it." He sailed, in the winter of 1911-12, for Portland, and landed in Maine in January, surprised and thrilled at the giant snowdrifts, the sleighs, and the jingle of sleighbells. In Maine he became a minister, took out his first citizenship papers, and married an American girl. He plunged into the life of his adopted land with the zeal of a fanatic. He read American history, attended town meetings, and sat around the pot-bellied stove in the general stores at China, New Palermo, and Harmony, Maine. He, a Cockney boy, learned to harness horses, walk on snowshoes, and churn homemade ice cream.

This volume ends with a call to the pastorate at Hull, Massachusetts, which gave the young minister a chance to enter Boston University and continue his education. No doubt Dr. Kingdon will continue his story in another volume, for he has much to tell, having been first president of the University of Newark, and being at present Chairman of the International Rescue and Relief Committee. He has been true to his ideal that the world will be made better "only by those who are not afraid to love one another, and these are the simple ones with the clear eyes undazzled by baubles. These only are the free."

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Topsy.
2. Pollyanna.
3. Little Miss Muffet.
4. Little Red Riding Hood.
5. Lucy Gray.
6. Persephone.
7. Pippa.
8. Snow White.
9. Beth March.
10. Heidi.
11. Cinderella.
12. Alice.
13. Goldilocks.
14. Little Bo Peep.
15. Annie Laurie.
16. Elsie Dinsmore.
17. Carol Bird.
18. Dorothy.
19. Little Orphan Annie.
20. Eppie.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE RAT BEGAN TO GNAW THE ROPE *C. W. Grafton* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Forthright young lawyer aids pretty girl client with inheritance and gets into double murder case which he solves neatly.	Exceptionally likable characters—especially lawyer-sleuth—many-angled plot, plentiful action, and convincing, although slightly lengthy, dénouement.	Very good
A BLUNT INSTRUMENT *Georgette Heyer* (Penguin: 25c.)	English gent. found dead by Constable Glass who informs Ins. Hannasyde and the chase begins.	Expertly worked out and readable tale—but solution may well set purists heads shaking.	Extra-canonical
THE FANATIC OF FEZ *Charles L. Leonard* (Crime Club: $2.)	Valuable formula in hands of American inventor living in Morocco takes detective Kilgerrin to Africa and life of violence.	Speedily paced combination spy-murder yarn, with sleuth taking fearful punishment before his assignment is successfully covered.	Thriller

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The Phoenix Nest

The Thanksgiving

(For the Allied Victory in North Africa, St. Paul's Cathedral, May 19, 1943.)

THEY stood, the wounded airman, head bowed, the wind-tanned seaman,
The soldier of these years,
The girls from lathe and farm, in that scarred cathedral,
With admirals, kings, and peers.
They lifted up their faces gazing, as a shaft of evening
Slanted to haze each head,
Where the King and Queen kneeled down on their crimson faldstools
In praise of the desert dead.

The hymns were sung, and the lesson and the blessing spoken,
And at last all bells in peal.
The robes and the uniforms dispersed, with the silence broken,
The hush round those who kneel;
And from ancient Paul's, where the battering bombs had lately fallen,
Paul's of the storied dome,
Reticent, grave, and brave in a decent patience,
The English folk went home.

Yet through thin evening light, with the bells of the great cathedral
Still in tumult swinging to ring,
Words ran through the inarticulate mind of the soldier,
Through the stately mind of the King—
Words unending of the ceremonied supplications
In that dusk-blue minster heard,
Blended now to a deep heart's prayer for the banded nations,
A fresh and springing word:

"Behold Thou the burning conscience of these our peoples
Dedicate unto Thee
That we be truly united in Thy service—
Worthy of victory!
O now that the bow of the mighty ones is broken
And they that stumbled, stand,—
God of our hope eternal, of our faith unspoken,
Do Thou uphold our hand!

"In this brief time, in this our especial hour,
Thou, whom we kneel before,
Do Thou dispose and order and bring to flower
The outcome of this war;
That though it lighten still, though heavily it thunder,
Though the Evil still have power,
Our hearts may be quickened to receive Thy wonder
That wait upon Thine hour—

"That our hearts may be opened to promote Thy glory,
Our eyes made clear to scan
No more in scorn nor as a derided story
The long slow climb of Man;
That from these dark burdens and iron tribulations
We desire no false release,
But, in strength to build in the light for all men and nations,
Go forward seeking peace!"

With such *Te Deum* that island, stormed of more than ocean,
Faded through night to night . . .
O neither on land or sea, nor even in highest heaven,
Seek the unwavering light!
For deep in a place of blood and of battle and of fire,
And under a primal ban,
Where war strange angels of dark and of bright desire,
It shines—in the heart of Man.

On a Book of Poetry

Somehow, among the books of poetry published last year, one unassuming volume was overlooked by this periodical. It came from the Prairie Press of Muscatine, Iowa, and contained the first assembling of poems by Jessica Nelson North since the publication of her book, "The Long Leash," back in 1928. It is called "Dinner Party." This is Jessica North's third book of poems, in all, although a novel, "Morning in the Land" was published in 1941. She is co-editor of *Poetry, a Magazine of Verse,* having served on its editorial board since 1928. The only criticism I have of her present book. in general terms, is that it is printed—albeit attractively—in italics. This gives it a delicate ornamental quality on the page, but I think Roman is easier to read.

The three sections of her book are "About Women," "And Men," "And Life and Death." She seems to me to possess unusual insight into the ways of people, and whether she is calling the guardian of her child asleep / "Thou problematic Lord," describing a dreamy young girl at her music lesson, speaking of "the incredulous despair/ Of women growing older," or discussing the grim old lady borrowing an "evanescent gleam" from a bus-load of pretty school-girls, or the harshly questioning boy refusing the momentary vision of delight the city gives his father, or Death seen as a gardener trimming a hedge, or the poet imagined as creator of a mimic world, or scales fallen from the eyes in a sudden beneficent view of a plain Illinois farm, somehow she manages so adroitly with her words as to weave the true spell of poetry.

Two Opinions of the People

It is good to think that one of the last things my brother was quoted as saying, on March 8th (to be exact) in the newspaper *PM,* was from his broadcast, "Lands of the Free," which illness prevented him from reading personally over the air. What he then said seems doubly pertinent now that the Food Conference is in being at Hot Springs. It is not only that it was my brother who said this, it is that I so strongly believe in what he said that I wish to quote it here, if only in part:

> There can be no peace in the world without freedom from want. There can be no sane world-society without freedom from want. There can be no future of vision for these Americans should we ever adopt the premise that some men must always starve while others must always eat.
>
> Getting rid of the slavery of want—the invisible, strangling chains that cripple and hamper so many millions—that is the problem of our time—just as getting rid of actual physical slavery was the problem of our forefathers.
>
> What is freedom from want? It is not a dream, a chimera, an airy vision—something nice if you could get it but every sensible person knows you can't get it. It is not a free turkey dinner for the rest of the world at the expense of the Americas. It is a practical, realizable, attainable, solid goal. For the first time in human history, we, the peoples of the world, can feed and clothe the world.

And he said of our enemies:

> For starvation itself—deliberate, planned starvation of the people they hate, the people they wish to tread under—is one of the keenest weapons of the **Axis.**

Which reminds me—by contrast—of one of the most profoundly wicked statements I have ever read, words spoken to John T. Whitaker, author of "We Cannot Escape History," which he quotes in that excellent repertorial volume. They were spoken to him by Captain Don Gonzalo Aguilera, Count of Alva de Yeltes, a Spanish grandee, and one of the chief press officers of that excessively beautiful character, Francisco Franco, El Caudillo, so greatly admired by our Ambassador to Spain.

> You know what's wrong with Spain? Modern plumbing! In healthier times—I mean healthier times spiritually, you understand—plague and pestilence could be counted on to thin down the Spanish masses. Held down to manageable proportions, you understand. Now with modern sewage disposal and the like they multiply too fast. The masses are no better than animals, you understand, and you can't expect them not to become infected with the virus of bolshevism. After all, rats and lice carry the plague. Do you understand now what we mean by the regeneration of Spain?

Franco has done his best, with his continuous execution of Republican prisoners. As for me, I may say that I prefer my brother's attitude toward the human race. For that matter, I prefer the pronouncements of a certain great Forgotten Man who is, presumably, worshipped at all the altars of Catholic Spain! Lord, save thy People!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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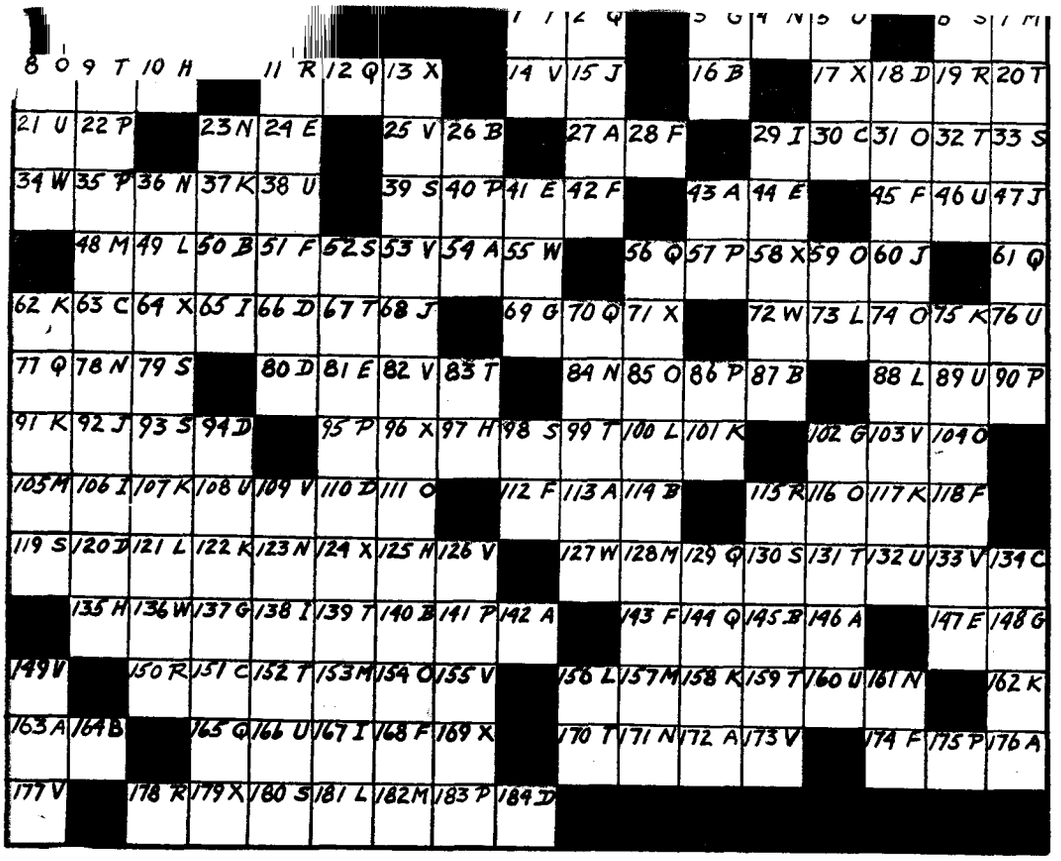

Double-Crostics: No. 479

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. National flag of Denmark.

B. Any small house of cheap construction (S. Africa).

C. Yearns (slang).

D. Goddess of Marriage (Gr. Relig.)

E. Undulating or heaving motion.

F. Treatyport, Fengtien Prov., Manchuria.

G. Father of gods and men (Egypt. Relig.)

H. Freedom from activity.

I. One in the discussion between Job and his friends.

J. Biographer of Coolidge—1940.

K. Reverses his attitude (comp.)

L. President of Mexico.

M. Brings out by argument, etc.

N. Something difficult to chew.

O. Composed with an excess of dialogue (Theatre; comp.)

P. A multiple of 20.

Q. Bombastic (comp.)

R. Weird.

S. Baffles; balks.

T. Acts of certifying.

U. Overtaken by darkness or ignorance.

V. Race of cannibal giants ("The Odyssey.")

W. Park, high valley in Col. Rockies.

X. Superior mutton-giving brand of English sheep.

WORDS

142 43 146 113 172 27 176 163 54

164 26 50 114 16 87 145 140

134 151 30 63

184 110 80 66 120 94 18

41 24 147 81 44

118 28 174 168 45 143 112 42 51

137 148 3 69 102

135 125 97 10

138 65 167 106 29

15 68 92 60 47

107 62 37 75 122 162 158 91 117 101

156 49 100 121 181 73 88

157 48 7 105 128 182 153

78 36 123 84 171 23 161 4

74 116 104 85 59 154 8 111 5 31

35 40 22 183 141 90 95 86 57 175

144 70 56 77 2 129 61 165 12

178 115 150 19 11

6 93 52 79 39 33 180 98 130 119

152 170 67 32 9 83 139 20 1 99 131 159

89 160 108 46 76 166 132 21 38

133 53 177 82 25 103 173 109 14 155 149 126

55 127 72 136 34

71 58 96 124 169 13 64 17 179

The Crostics Club

ONE of our puzzlers feels wronged because I did not label *Ersatz* foreign. *Ersatz* is not labeled foreign in the WNI, though, like thousands of other words, it is of foreign origin. Presumably it is by now Anglicized, as differing, for instance, from mädchen of the same origin, but with the familiar indication before it denoting *foreign*.

Eleanor Hutchens, Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga., goes my *williwaws* one better by *whillywaw* from Sir Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward"... "two young things whillywawing in ilk other's ears." WNI, leaving out the last *w*, labels it *Scotch*. Tempted as I am to use Scotch and English dialect words, I've ruled them out as unfair. Have I your sanction to reverse my ruling?

Mrs. Ethel Farr, N. Y. City, wrote to ask if I could furnish her with the meaning of "Agenbite of inwit," which she came across in Vincent Sheehan's "Between the Thunder and the Sun." Random House, publishers of the book, helped out thus: "'Agenbite or Ayenbite of Inwit or Inwyt' is the title of a treatise written in 1340 by Dan Michel in Kentish. It was a translation from the French. It means, roughly speaking, 'Remorse of conscience.'" As an instance of how field work enlarges our knowledge, and for those who may have noted the expression similarly, although I haven't inflicted it on you, I am glad to cite it.

Mrs. Helen Kingsbury, N. Y. City, long a faithful follower, brands No. 471 as "vicious," the first she has given up since No. 1. I must have slipped up in its checking, for I always mean to give you enough clues to counteract strange words. A reference book user herself, she condemns "high brows" from an amusing angle—the messy-looking diagrams they must create with so much guessing. She likes diagramless ones, as does Clara T. Knox, Quincy, Ill., apparently one of our cleverest, but a user of reference books. Others to thank for appreciative letters are Max Engler, the Bronx; Julia A. Moon, Jersey City; I. J. Thomas, Duluth (in rhyme.)

Otto Eisenschiml, Chicago, has himself sent us a scholarly list of chemists and physicists. They shall be used in time. It is not always feasible to utilize your suggestions immediately, as, except for special issues or current books, I make out a dozen at a time for *SRL* and I myself never know which DC will be selected for which issue. Sometimes one gets shifted to the bottom of the pile and may be a year old before you see it.

Mrs. Elsie P. Downing, to illumine her interpretation of *entropy*, sends me this astounding newspaper clipping: "Four million tons of the sun's mass is converted into radiant energy every second." Thus *entropy* is now added to our vocabulary.

E. S. K.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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